

JULY, 1920

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ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MAGAZINE



MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

PSYCHE

A LETTER TO WOMAN

THE MESSAGE OF PENTECOST

NATURAL METHODS OF OBTAINING HEALTH

RECONSTRUCTION LETTERS

ASTROLOGY FOR EVERY DAY

IS THERE ANY SORROW IN HEAVEN

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. A STORY OF THE
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ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



VOL. 12

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, JULY, 1920

NO. 3

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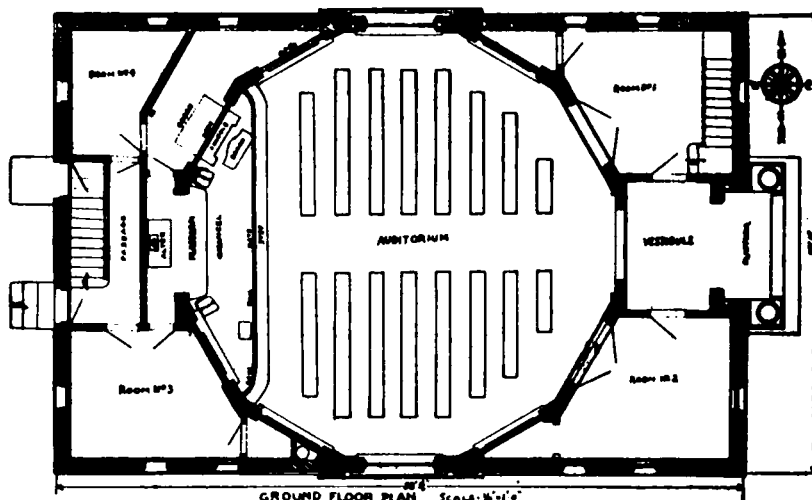
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The Building of the Ecclesia

Many, many years ago, one of our brothers achieved considerable notoriety by the part he played in conquering a giant, and yet with all his valor and faithfulness he was not allowed to build the temple at Jerusalem, because he like many others before and since, failed in some of his tests.

We are facing a time like that in the life of King David. He was not allowed to build the Temple of the Lord because he had been a man of war, but to his son the privilege was given, with the assistance of Hiram Abiff.

Now again in the world's history we come to the building of another wonderful Temple. The same great egos are once more united in the work. Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, is working with us from the Desire World, where our pure thoughts and desires are helping to form this wonderful structure. We now recognize him by the name of Jesus of Nazareth. He is no longer the ruler of an earthly kingdom but has been advanced to the charge of all the Churches. Is it not wonderful to think that each of us may be a co-worker with one who is even more advanced than Solomon the Wise?

Our temple building in the Desire World has gone on for a long time, and now Hiram Abiff sends a summons to all the workmen by his messengers. The message is sent through the length and breadth of the whole earth, "Make ready to build the Temple of the Lord." We hear the call, and if we heed it not, our opportunity for such work is lost for ages, the world suffers and we are guilty. Or perhaps we hear the call and feel that we are not worthy even to do the meanest and lowest part of the work. We hesitate and the opportunity passes.

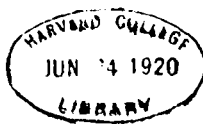
Will we respond to the call of Hiram Abiff, he who is the leader of all who are known as the "Sons of Cain"? Do we not recognize him now as Christian Rosenkreuz? If over 3000 years ago he was able to muster his forces and work with Solomon to build the beautiful Temple, which was but a symbol, can he not now, working with Jesus the Master, bring into being a physical building that shall be for the healing of the nations, a building, the spiritual body of which will far exceed that of any other House of God?

If we could but realize the privilege of receiving this call! What have we done that we deserve such an honor, an honor that kings and prophets might crave!

Let us do as it is told of us long ago, "And every man brought as the Lord had prospered him." Let us respond to the call to build this Temple at Mt. Ecclesia this year, with willing hearts and hands in order that the great opportunity may not be lost. We did nobly at the time of the building of the Tabernacle. We worked faithfully under our leader, Hiram Abiff, when building Solomon's Temple. Now let us live up to our great privilege and come to the work when called by Christian Rosenkreuz.

Ground Breaking, June 29, 1920, 12:12 Noon.

Lizzie Graham.



The Mystic Light.

A Hymn of Thanksgiving

JESSE M. WISE

(Continued from June)

PART II

SCENE OF DEATH AND GOD'S REASONS

Baritone

A Mighty Mind and Noble Heart

Behold, Oh man, among God's creatures,
A towering mind, the lofty features
of His choicest work, His image, man;
Who from the fount of wisdom drinking,
And searching daily, deeply thinking,
Laid bare many secrets of His plan.

Behold that he had a noble heart,
Made ev'ry effort to do his part
To ease the lot of his fellow man;
And if ever man deserved to live,
Surely to th's man God would give
The longest life allowed in His plan.

Behold him again still in his prime,
Stricken with death long ere the time
That seemeth best to the mind of man.
Confused, benumbed, of our friend bereft,
We wonder why less worthy are left,
How his passing was part of the PLAN.

Soprano

New Messenger to God

In all solemnity, with bated breath,
Arise and dry those tears, approach the bier,
And turn rememb'ring look upon that brow,
Late mold of so much good, sublime in death;
We wonder whether he be far or near,
New messenger to God, how fares he now?

And his attainments vast, his mighty mind,
That towered far above his comrade's height,
With honors such that few may merit them;
A noble heart so tender gently kind,
That never moved save only in the right,
Are they all lost? Who may inherit them?

Let no complaining doubts nor chiding tears
Reprove thy God for aught that He has done;
Since all that we enjoy are His alone;
But rather let us thank Him for the years
Of sweet companionship of loved one gone,
And fit ourselves to meet him later on.

Chorus

God Holds the Helm

Oh man, fear not, God holds the helm!
Though lightnings fiercely flash,
And ships asunder crash;
Though loudest thunders rail,
And frightful terrors hail;
Though boist'rous winds assail,
And stoutest hearts may quail;
Though surging waves roll high,
And scatt'ring life boats ply,
Let naught o'erwhelm, God holds the helm!

Oh man, have faith, God still directs!
We note the fearful blow
That lays a giant low;
A man of giant mind,
A noble heart and kind,
But they all leave behind
Their works that we may find
Them firm foundations
For coming generations;
Be not perplexed, God still directs.

Contralto

Death's Key Opes Heaven's Gates

Yea, God, in all Thy works we see
That primal wisdom comes from Thee;
Poor foolish man would build a tower,
And challenge his Creator's power;
Or tour the world to find a spring,
In hopes eternal life to bring,
Not knowing that to go with Thee,
Is touring through eternity.

Yea, hadst Thou granted man might stay,
 Enjoying life on earth alway,
 Then all too small this earth would prove,
 And but a few had known Thy love.
 In what we christen death, we see
 That myriads may dwell with Thee;
 So God all-knowing calmly waits,
 And with death's key opes Heaven's Gates.

Soprano

How Beautiful Is Death!

How glad thy welcome, all embracing sleep,
 Thou midway station toward eternity,

Thou calmest halting place of destiny,
 Where heaven-faring soul steps down to keep
 Itself in mortal fold, anew to reap
 The pleasures God has strewn along the way;
 Sweet pleasures which alluring day by day
 Embolden us to make the final leap.

Oh, death sublime, how beautiful is death
 Oft introduced by sleep that we may know
 Thy beauty, death, and thus feel heaven's breath
 Exhaled by God and know its ardent glow.
 Oh, beauteous death, with heaven's beauty rife.
 How beautiful is death that giveth life!

(To be continued)

Psyche

MAX HEINDEL

[*Editor's Note.*—The following article is one of Max Heindel's earliest productions and has never before been published.]



SYCHE was the daughter of a king; of one who was a strong man, a leader among his kind. No one who is a craven, a slave, can give birth to a Psyche, a soul of transcendent beauty. All his progeny was not of the same kind; the sisters of Psyche were evil, for no man is totally good and none is altogether bad; hence the mixture in his progeny.

Psyche is the soul, an image of Venus, Universal Love, for the soul is the good of all our lives which eventually flowers in a character of transcendent beauty and loveliness.

This very loveliness is not a source of unalloyed pleasure to the one who has evolved it, for while others who are less fair are wed and enjoy the love and embraces of their kind, the soul who has attained to the Psyche stage is worshipped as a saint, too lofty and above its fellows to be approached with human love. In consequence it is left alone, and being full of love itself it craves the response which is denied, and so it weeps at its forlorn state as did Psyche, having neither the love of the gods who are too far above nor of men who are beneath.

At this stage the soul is taken further into the heights, as Psyche was conducted to the mountain designated by the gods. This may either be marriage, if the soul is able to pass the tests of Initiation and attain to union with the Higher Self, or it may be death if it fails.

In the latter case, having seen that transcendent reality, Cupid, the Ego begotten of Venus, the Universal mother-love, the soul dies of sorrow at its loss, to try again at some future time until it succeeds.

Pure love is divine, spiritual, and dissociated from personality, and is yet beyond men. Therefore they cannot understand Venus or even Psyche; the flower of the mortal race is too high. Hence Cupid, desire, the son of Venus, is sent abroad among them to teach them love by inoculating them with desire. He kindles the fire of love in their breasts by associating it with a personality not too far out of reach, and in the struggle for possession of the ones desired the world becomes a heaving, seething whirlpool which both the gods above and hell below tremble to behold.

Cast into low soil, love expresses itself as sex, passion and degrading sensuality until the divine fire has purified the vessel which contains it in the furnace of suffering. Then the vessel will shine and glow with the fire of pure love; it will be saved, yet as by fire.

Sown in purer soil, however, desire will be transmuted to altruism and lead the soul along the path of Initiation to the goddess Venus, the Star of the Sea, the Great Deep of Universal Love.

Psyche, the human soul, is at the stage where it is leaving the world to consort with the divine. From the mountain of Initiation it is conducted into the ethereal abodes of the god

or teacher who is to teach it the next lesson and help it to attain the universal, impersonal love which Christ inculcated when He gave His command to love God and our neighbor. He also advocated that we leave kin and country and adopt the whole world, for He said that unless we leave these behind we cannot follow Him, and He designated those who did the will of the Father as His brothers and sisters, and mother. Not that we are to leave our relatives bodily or that we are to love them less, but that we are to love all others more; that instead of reserving our love for those who have been born in the same family with us, we are to strive to include all others as well. Not that we are to love our own country less, but that we are to strive to love all other places as well so that we may say, "The world is my country and to do good is my religion."

Psyche tastes of divine love in the arms of Cupid but has unfortunately not outgrown the human side of her nature; she is yet quick to hear the voice of her sisters and longs for them. The ties of family have driven many a soul back into the world and into deepest degradation. There is no more severe test than this call of the blood, yet we must stand firm and strive for the higher. If we allow others to pry into our consciousness of the divine, they will invariably succeed in instilling doubts and fears into us as to the value and reality of this thing which we say we experience in the night, for it will not bear the garish light of material explanation.

Therefore the candidate is ever warned to be silent. An old folk story tells how those who dig for treasure-trove in the dark of night must observe the strictest silence, for if a word be spoken while excavating the treasure it will instantly disappear. Only when it has been successfully exhumed and day has broken over it naturally may it be mentioned. This is an occult maxim embodied in legends and so called superstition, for it refers to the experiences of the candidate for Initiation while he is out of his body exhuming spiritual treasures from the inner worlds. If he attempts to relate these experiences to others before they have been naturally brought to light, those who hear him will seek to discredit his visions and these will fade before their material skepticism. Outsiders are all like the sisters of Psyche; they are consumed with curiosity at the thought of others having experiences of which they know nothing and

understand as little. When their curiosity has given them a little hint as to these things they will seek to instill doubts in the mind of the candidate and may lead him to attempt tests contrary to the laws of the higher life, as Psyche was lured to pry into a secret not yet revealed to her lawfully, and as Elsa in Lohengrin was tempted by Ortrud and Telramund to inquire the name of her Initiate husband. So may the soul which allows itself to be inveigled into telling its experiences be tempted to exceed its right and be expelled from the temple, as Psyche was divorced from her divine husband when she had listened to the contaminating tongues of her mortal kin and acted upon their advice contrary to the divine voice of her true lover. Then both teacher and pupil may grieve. It is no easy task for the teacher to expel his pupil, but he is under universal Law and must obey. Lohengrin suffered perhaps more than Elsa at the parting, and Cupid was inconsolable at the fall of Psyche.

Then comes the period of loneliness when Psyche, the human soul which has tasted of the divine association, feels utterly despondent at the loss and seeks to end its existence. But in the arms of Cupid, Psyche received the divine seed which cannot be destroyed, and so the water refuses to drown her; each succeeding attempt at annihilation is equally futile. Once the seed of immortality has been implanted, the soul is indestructible, and though its sufferings may seem beyond endurance, it must go on nevertheless till it attains to the divinity whereof it has tasted.

Then we hear of Psyche, the human soul, applying for help and worshipping in turn at the shrines of various gods; but though they feel kindly toward her they dare not help. It is only by helping itself that the soul grows strong enough to be able to help others, and then it will also have grown too unselfish to want to help itself at the cost of pain or pang to others. All the divine Teachers have accentuated this phase of evolution. They were ever ready to save and to succor others, but it was said of each, "Himself he could (or would) not save." Such masters of evolution have fed the hungry multitude by their spiritual powers, but they have always refused to turn even the smallest stone to bread to assuage their own pangs of hunger. This lesson has to be learned, and therefore Psyche, the human soul, is refused help from

the gods; she is thrown upon her own resources that she may learn self-reliance, and at last she is forced to present herself to the love she has outraged and to commence to labor for love, symbolized by Venus.

Venus, Love, is no easy taskmaster, however; none work so hard as those who are driven to work by Love. There was a time in the history of man when man worked from sun to sun, particularly perhaps in the medieval times upon the continent of Europe, where small shops abounded in the many cities and the guilds flourished. Then the master worked as hard as or harder than the man; he was respected in the community for his skill and his apprentices sought to emulate him. Then the song of the anvil was the accompaniment to the gladsome lay of the worker, the day was ever too short; he cared not for time, his joy was in the thing which he created.

Then came the era of the steam engine, the day of machinery when man became only a cog in the production mechanism, when he could scarcely hope to become master but must drudge his life away in obscurity. He makes only a small part of the completed product and has therefore no joy in its creation. It is no longer a part of him as was the product of the medieval craftsman who wrought the finished product from the raw material. Therefore the modern workman lacks interest in his work; therefore he watches the clock and waits longingly for the week's end when he is to receive his compensation in filthy lucre which is incapable of satisfying his heartfelt but uncomprehended longing; therefore he is striking for shorter hours and more pay, though he does not deserve them by application. Nothing can satisfy him. The exigencies of evolution have taken from him the opportunities of creating something that he might love as the medieval craftsman loved his handiwork. To hand him money instead of love is like handing him a stone for bread, and until we find a method of satisfying his heart we shall have to endure the spectacle of his suffering. The painter, the sculptor, and their kin are yet imbued with the love of their work; are yet content to starve in a garret so that they may paint and carve; they alone are not forming unions and fighting a world which hands them but kicks and crusts. They alone work on regardless of time; they bemoan its fleetness where the factory hand watches the snail-like crawl of the

hands on the clock.

A higher stage must come when we learn to regard money at its true value, as a symbol, and find a higher love to impel us to work. When we learn to work for the love of others, then again the time will fly and the remuneration be of smallest consideration.

To this stage Psyche is driven when she at last presents herself at the court of Venus and is set to work by the goddess Love. And what tasks are these, each more difficult than the preceding and all nearly impossible! But the soul that works for love, though it may realize its own weakness and the enormity of the task before it, is also soon made aware that it is not alone in its struggle; it is working in harmony with nature, unselfishly and for the good of the unborn, even, represented by the babe in the womb of Psyche, a babe that is higher than she, being partly divine. The soul is then helped by all things in nature. The ants that separated the seed for Psyche are willing workers in nature and ministering spirits to help us in our labors of love. They are all about us and our necessity is their opportunity for advancing the good.

Out of the waters of Being Psyche obtains a portion for Love or Venus. Into the realms of Death she travels, also at the command of Love or Venus. She refuses nothing though each task seems to her as though it must surely end in her destruction. Therefore, having shown her willingness to lay down her life for Love's or Venus's sake, she is at last elevated to the heavenly realm where in the kingdom of the gods she is received as one of themselves. Thus Love is won by love, and lasting bliss is the result of unselfish perseverance in well-doing. . . . May we all learn to labor for Love!

WHO WOULD SERVE?

Who his fellow man would serve
Should his forces all conserve;
Be from pride and malice free;
Have compassion, sympathy;
Love the wicked and the just;
Break with none his faith or trust;
Be both gentle, kind, forgiving;
Not for fame or glory living;
Live so children love, not fear him,
And the angels will be near him.

—G. Knowlton.

A Letter to Woman

By A. F. H.

ANY letters have been received at Headquarters from women in all stages of life, from the intellectual and titled to the most illiterate and lowly. A cry goes forth from their hearts: Tell me, advise me, what can I do to help humanity? Help me to get that wisdom, that spiritual knowledge, whereby I can help my poor suffering brothers.

Never has there been such a struggle for strength, never has the wife and mother felt a greater need (after the recent great carnage in Europe) for the awakening of the spirit of helpfulness than now.

Mothers, you want to know what to do to help humanity, what to do to make the world a better, a more humane and peaceable place to live in. Begin right where you are. Start now to train your daughters to be practical and economical housewives. Try to impress upon them the fact that there is enough in the world for every one to live without want. God has made it possible that sufficient food be grown so that no one should remain hungry. But we must not waste, we must see that we have just enough for our own use and then there will be plenty left for the hungry neighbor. Teach your daughters to care for and love children, and to mend their own clothes, so that in time they may also become loving, practical, and helpful wives and mothers. Teach your sons to be unselfish, thoughtful, and compassionate, that as they grow up into manhood they may be the pure and noble fathers who are so sadly needed to bring into the world children that are to be leaders of the future humanity.

This is the Woman's Age. Never before has she had such an opportunity as now. Man is calling upon her for help which she alone can give. Everywhere fields have opened up for woman which have drawn upon her strength, mentally and physically. Will she be strong and unselfish enough to meet these conditions? Yes, she has already responded in a most wonderful manner. Everywhere she has come to the front and is filling positions that man never thought she could fill. She has given time and money to help the world in its readjustment. During the great war in Europe she nursed and

worked in the field to help supply the food. She learned to save as she had never done before (the American woman especially needed this lesson in economy.) Women worked in the trenches in the midst of the most heart-rending scenes to save from suffering our boys who were fighting. They fed them and nursed them and brought peace and comfort to many.

O woman, little do you understand what a wonderful power is yours! How much of the world you hold in the palm of your hand! Do you realize that those who were responsible for this terrible war were given their early training by the mothers that developed the lust for war and power? Mothers had the training of these men even during their pre-natal existence. Could the mother have looked into the future, would she not have trained her boy to love humanity? Would she have permitted him to kill birds or have toy weapons if she had realized that this was developing the warrior? No, she would have taught him to feel compassion for the weaker ones.

Universal Peace, which has been discussed so much and which is such a difficult problem for the world to understand at present, will never be brought about by treaties or legislation. Woman is the only one who can bring about this peace. She must begin to train the man from the time of conception. She is the gateway through which the future generation must come, and in her power lies the peace of the world. She must break every toy gun and tin soldier that is brought to her son. She must teach him to love the animals and to live peaceably with his boy companions. She must mold his character so that the martial spirit will be directed into a constructive channel, and will be used to build up and not destroy or tear down.

It is self-evident that nations under the present system of education will never bring peace to the world. After all these years of suffering and sacrifice of their sons, with the whole world crying for peace, the larger nations are again agitating the building of greater navies; each is desirous of having greater strength on the

(Continued on page 93)

The Message of Pentecost

MARGARET WOLFF

AFTER the risen Master had first appeared to the women and disciples on Easter morning and convinced them that He lived, there followed wondrous forty days for his faithful ones. Days filled with the glory of His resurrected presence and with joy unspeakable.

To be resurrected means to be lifted up—not elevated in space but *raised* to a higher state of being. After the supreme self-surrender in the sacrifice on Golgotha, both the body of Jesus and the indwelling Christ Spirit were *raised* to a glory greater than that possessed before. The risen Master is the same Christ Jesus whom the disciples loved, but exalted to a higher plane of evolution. According to the maxim, "*As above so below*," even the Godhead evolves. At the resurrection the perfect physical body of the man Jesus was superseded by the higher ethereal body; and the divine Christ Spirit had achieved the crowning feat of his supernal career, namely, the complete union with the Father.

The 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of St. John's gospel should be read and meditated upon again and again by those who endeavor to lead the Christian life as true mystic masons. These chapters relate how after the last supper the Master knelt before His disciples and washed their feet; how He promised them the coming of the Comforter, or Advocate, or Holy Spirit, or Spirit of Truth; and how He finally offered on their behalf the great prayer of Glorification.

What an example and what a lesson for us self-deluded humans who are so easily inclined to exaggerate the importance of our own personalities! This or that kind of work is not good enough for us; we are too good for this or that kind of service! But He of God-like splendor; He the Lord Christ Jesus; He the highest in authority after the Father; He the ruler over angels and archangels prostrated Himself before His apostles and washed their feet! To complete His self-effacement there remained only His voluntary surrender to the traitor Judas and the soldiers who at that moment were waiting on the Mount of Olives to capture Him. The Christ who by the right of

His evolution dwelt on the second highest plane of divinity with only the Father above Him, knelt before physical men and rendered service to their dense bodies! Thus He demonstrated the principle of which He was the manifestation, and which He had come to establish on earth,—the principle of Universal Brotherhood. Divinity ministering to dense-bodied humanity in menial service,—no more impressive symbol could be given of the unity between the highest and the lowest. Before the cosmic law of Universal Brotherhood as represented and demonstrated by the Christ Spirit the difference between high and low is only ephemeral, for the highest is bound by that very law to ultimately draw the lowest up into perfection.

The poet Kennedy in the "Servant in the House" speaks of the "comrades at work up in the dome,—the comrades who have climbed ahead!" No matter how high they have ascended, how sublimated their being, how exalted their work,—they are still comrades of all the toilers beneath and compelled by the law of Universal Brotherhood to assume responsibility for the slower and lowlier ones. "Father, I ask that where I am there also be those whom Thou hast given unto me,—the glory which Thou hast given me I have given them, that they may be one, just as we are one, I in them and Thou in me, that they may stand perfected into one, and the world may come to understand that Thou hast sent me and hast loved them with the same love as that with which Thou hast loved me." After the Master had knelt at the disciples' feet He offered the holiest prayer ever sent to the Father's throne,—the prayer for His comrades,—the prayer of the Universal Temple Builder. On high in the lofty realms of divinity, in the dome of our great cosmic edifice, there works the Christ by the side of His Father,—and He asks the Father that in their time "those who have been given unto Him" may as co-workers share the glory of His own exalted place.

This prayer of glorification in the 17th chapter of St. John is amongst the most mystic passages in the New Testament, and only to the mystic mason is revealed its cosmic significance.

The Christ from His exalted place in the temple dome of the evolutionary structure stooped down to the very ground plane of the edifice where in the dust of dense matter the most inexperienced of His comrades labored in painful slowness; He held His glory "of no account" (Luke 9:24) unless they shared it with Him; and in order that every one of them might know how to become a Master Craftsman such as He is, He taught them His working principle of Universal Love.

His comrades whom the Father had given to Him were first His disciples; second all humanity; third every living creature on earth, and our Saviour's sacrificial vow not to go to His Father, that is, not to take the final step of His evolution until He had insured the evolution of His comrades, automatically brought Him the crowning gift which He would not take as long as He had to take it for Himself alone. For subsequent to the Law of Universal Brotherhood is the Law of Self Attainment through Self Renunciation. "Prove thyself faithful even unto death and I shall give thee the victor's wreath of life." (Revelation 2:10). Christ, the faithful comrade who died for His friends and thus carried the principle of Universal Brotherhood to its ultimate victory, achieved in the moment of death His own crowning triumph,—union with the Father. The Christ Spirit whom the disciples knew in the physical body of Jesus was second in greatness to the Father; the Christ Spirit who during the joyous forty days shed His radiance upon them through the ethereal body of Jesus, the Christ Spirit *after* the resurrection, was at one with the Father.

Five hundred of the Master's followers were able to see Him in His resurrected state; to converse with Him; to touch Him; to receive bread from His hands. He joined their assembly in the meeting room; He walked with them over the hills; He met their boats on the shores of Lake Tiberias; and His greeting, "Peace be with you," thrilled them with a joy so sweet, so pure, so strangely exultant that they marveled at this new experience. We can feel this new rhythm vibrate through all the passages in the New Testament which relate to appearances of the risen Christ. "Peace be with you," He said, and "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" They were able to hear His words, to touch and feel His form; their eyes could endure the "awful splendor" of His shining presence

without being blinded by its celestial light. This proved that the law of universal brotherhood had operated and the prayer of glorification was being answered. They also had been resurrected or lifted to a higher stage of being. Unless their rate of vibration had been raised they could not have responded to His heightened vibrations. Their resurrected comrade had linked them to Him, and while He took the ascending step that consummated His union with the Father, they in turn were lifted up one loop higher on the spiral of evolution, one plane nearer to the dwelling place of the Father which is also their goal. He had made them living pillars in the great edifice of evolution and taught them the secret of master-buildership;—the rhythm of their building song was forever attuned to His.

The bliss of His bodily nearness however did not last. Forty days of exultant happiness,—and then the Bible relates: "After having spoken to them and while they were looking at Him, He was carried up, and a cloud closing beneath Him hid Him from their sight. And He was taken up into Heaven and sat down at the right hand of God." (Mark 16:19.)

He had told them to "rejoice" because He was "going to the Father"; just as we should be happy for the sake of our dear ones when at the change called death they are carried up into the heaven worlds. And so the apostles overcame human frailty which inclined them to feel grieved and disheartened without the Master, the Teacher, the Leader. His ascension had taken place from the Mount of Olives. From there "they returned to the City of Jerusalem and went up to the upper room which was now their appointed place for meeting. There they met daily and with one mind continued earnest in prayer" (Acts 1:12-14), organized their ranks and did the work nearest at hand. For the greater and wider work they were not ready as yet. They knew what it was, for the Master had bidden them "go out into all the world and bring the good news to all creatures,—preach the gospel, heal the sick, and be my witnesses in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria, and to the remotest parts of the earth." (Mark 16.) But the power to *do* the work was still missing. So far their exalted state had been merely receptive; they had been "witnesses of His resurrected glory inasmuch as their raised vibrations enabled them to perceive it, but they lacked the

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The Doctor's Dilemma. A Story of the Unknown Realms

PRENTISS TUCKER

CHAPTER III

QUVER a year had passed since the Doctor's guest had made his abrupt exit from the Doctor's house. It had been a year of considerable importance to the Doctor. He had followed out the Professor's directions as well as he could and had had a good deal of trouble explaining to his friends why he did certain things. Always a great smoker, his pipe was a familiar sight so that when, after many trials and false starts he finally quit entirely the use of tobacco and followed that (as though that were not freakish enough) by going on a vegetarian diet and utterly declining, when he was invited out, to eat of meat or drink wine or whisky or even beer, there was some slight wagging of heads and an occasional fear expressed that George's mind was not quite as well balanced as it had been.

It was on this point of eating meat that he got into more trouble with the young lady to whom he was almost engaged. She had rallied him a little when, in explaining why he had not seen her on the afternoon that she had tried to attract his attention, he had told her a little about the studies and training which he had determined to embark upon. But gradually as she had found that he was really in earnest in this freakish purpose and that he actually carried his whim so far that he would refuse to be helped to certain dishes when out dining, she was certain that he had carried the matter too far. A whim or a hobby is all right, she thought, so long as one does not obtrude it upon others, but when it begins to make one ridiculous it ought to be stopped.

He tried to explain the real reason but that only made matters worse. She didn't think it was nice of him to be a spiritualist and see spooks and ghosts and rap on tables and have seances and all such nonsense and she thought he must be losing his mind. The people who really mattered did not do such things. They left it to the ministers to find out about all these new cults, and she didn't believe a word of all this talk about the higher bodies and ethers and vibrations and such foolishness. The more he pointed out that he was not a spirit-

ualist and did not see spooks or ghosts or rap on tables the less she would listen.

"I met a spiritualist once and he had whiskers and he looked as though he might be half crazy, and I don't think it's very nice of you."

"But I'm not a spiritualist and I don't intend to give seances or rap on tables and I never said a word about raising whiskers, now—"

"Well, it's all the same thing anyhow and I don't believe a word of it, and I think it's perfectly mean of you to sit there and refuse all the nice things which have been prepared for you to eat and make your hostess feel perfectly dreadfully. I've heard several people say they'll never, never ask you to a dinner again, and I don't blame them, so there!"

And so he gave it up and insensibly the breach between them widened. He could not seem to explain the reasons for his actions so he knew they must be set down as the result of eccentricity. He had been told that his earnestness would be tested and that he must be prepared to have his good faith called in question and his sanity doubted and he was finding the warnings true.

He had noticed another thing which the Professor had told him to expect, and that was that his dreams had ceased. In the past he had always held the opinion that a dream was—well—just a dream, a nothing, a vagary of the fancy induced by eating too much or not enough or other causes and bearing no relation to the real. And now his dreams had ceased.

It must not be thought that all these things had happened at the same time. The young lady had expressed her objections at first in a bantering way and then gradually in more and more seriousness until there seemed to be a considerable misunderstanding between them. The fact of the matter probably was that she did not care one way or the other so far as the actual eating of meat was concerned but that she thought it made him conspicuous and so brought unkind comment and unthinking criticism upon him and consequently upon her.

He tried to take this view of the matter and so it was a considerable relief when she told him that her family was going on an extended trip through South America and the Orient. He determined that before she returned he would

know something definitely, one way or the other, about this matter. If what the Professor had told him were true, then before she came back he would have ascertained something of it for himself and he was sure that with a definite knowledge would come the ability to make her see the truth. If what the Professor had told him was false he was reasonably sure that by her return he would have discovered its falsity and would be back at "normal" again, eating as others eat and smoking and generally behaving himself as the ordinary, average man in society.

So he told her good-bye with more willingness than he would have dared to confess, and went back to his study determined to delve to the bottom of this business or at least as far as his limitations would allow him to go. It was rather late in the evening as he sat in his easy chair with Mr. Scruggs at his elbow on the table expressing his brassy astonishment at everything in general. To save time he began the review of the day and as usual felt the customary wave of drowsiness stealing over him but determined to fight it off until the review was completed. With that object in mind he began to visualize more strongly than ever the events of the preceding waking hours when, without any sudden change being noticeable, the atmosphere around him seemed to become rose-colored like sunset clouds one sees at a distance and admires. These were all around him and seemed to be carrying him away like a balloon. There was nothing strange about it, though. Why should one not float away on clouds as he was doing? The very fact that he was doing it made it perfectly natural even though it was happening in a dream. That thought gave him a start. That was right, it was a dream and yet he was awake. Awake in a dream! Surely a queer state to be in but it was perfectly natural. He heard other people talking but could not understand their words. He could not see them for the rosy cloud was too thick for that and he was far too comfortable. There was such a feeling of rest and ease and perfect comfort, and still it was a dream. That was the queer part of it. He knew that he was asleep and that he was dreaming, and yet he was awake and was floating through the air. Here he kicked out with his foot to be sure that he really was floating in the air. It was true. There was nothing but air and cloud around him and that strange, beautiful feeling of perfect rest and peace.

"My, I didn't know a person could be so comfortable!"

"And yet this is just the ante-room."

There seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary in some one answering him though he was not conscious that he had spoken out loud; but he did not know what this other dream person was driving at and determined to find out, so he continued:

"The which?"

"The ante-room, the Desire-World."

"The Desire-World!" He had heard that before. The Professor had used that word. Here was somebody else saying the same thing and he was asleep, he must not forget that. He would find out who this other person was.

"What is the Desire-World?"

"It's the world where people go when they are asleep and after they die."

"Where is it?"

"It's all around."

"Who are you?"

There was no answer and he felt himself sinking, quietly and easily, until with no jar or vibration he was once more lying in his easy chair.

This was his first experience, but others began to come thick and fast. Then he became aware, gradually, that he was seeing more in the immediate surrounding neighborhood than others saw. Once while conducting an experiment in his laboratory he saw a man standing in the corner watching him. He was too busy to stop at the moment and when he turned to look again the man was gone.

On the street he found that he began to see a kind of cloud around each person, and the cloud was shot through with colors which changed and varied. He had read of the colors of the aura but had paid little heed to the matter because he did not believe there were such things, but now that he began to see them he became more and more interested and determined to study them and find out what they meant. If they really existed, they were a fact in Nature and were put there for some purpose.

It was about this time that he found his practice began to increase. He had an independent fortune, small, but large enough to pay his modest expenses, and he had been giving most of his attention to research work and the study of certain phases of chemistry. Yet he had a certain practice which heretofore had not

amounted to a very great deal, though it had helped considerably. Now it was growing, and he began to wonder just why, for he had not taken any pains to make it grow and had often turned prospective patients away when they interrupted his experimenting. Also he had several times refused to visit patients and had referred them to other physicians.

He asked the next new patient why it was that she had come to him.

"Why, Doctor, they say you can tell what is the matter with people when they don't even know themselves."

That gave him a clue and he remembered then that he had been unconsciously watching the colors around his patients and had gradually come to use that knowledge in diagnosing cases. Without realizing it he had built up a system of diagnosis which was based partly on the sight of these surrounding colors and partly on intuition. The colors were not always a true guide (he found later on that this was his own faulty observation) and he did not know where the intuition came from. That he intended to find out.

Then, one day, he returned home to find the Professor sitting quietly in his big arm chair. The Professor greeted him cordially.

"Well, Doctor, I am glad to see that you have not suffered from your sacrifice of tobacco and meat."

The Doctor held out his hand, but the Professor refused it with a smile.

"This time I have not materialized a body. Had I come this way on my first visit you would not have seen me at all, so you are progressing nicely. If you were functioning in your own desire-body I could shake hands with you, but as it is your hand would go right through mine or mine would go right through yours. I have come to give you a few more directions and some warnings as I have noticed that in your case the veil is wearing very thin and you may acquire the power of sight in a short time."

"But, if I can see you, have I not the power of sight now?"

"No, not exactly. You have a slight vision but just now I am helping you, and without my help you would probably not see me at all or only in a very cloudy way. But the fact that you can see even though it is with my help shows that you have become much more sensitive. And

now will begin the danger of your development."

"Danger! Why I thought you said that if I were not afraid, nothing could hurt me!"

"That's true. And I knew that you were not afraid though many people have a horror of anything pertaining to the next world, but the danger I mean comes solely from yourself. No one outside yourself can hurt you nor can anything happen to you except that which your debt to the great Law of Nature would permit, but it is from yourself that your danger will come."

"Oh, well, if that's all you can consider the matter settled. I'm not afraid of myself or of any one else."

"George," the Doctor looked up, for the other had not before called him by his first name and the voice was inexpressibly sweet and tender, "the matter is not as simple as that. When any man leaves the beaten highway and attempts the straight road up the mountain side he must be sure of the purity of his motives and the strength of his character. The temptations which come to one on the path are keener and more subtle than those with which you have been familiar heretofore."

"Yes, I can imagine they would be, though I have not been tempted yet—"

"Not tempted yet? Have you not found that you are far better able to diagnose diseases than you were formerly?"

"Yes, that's true. I've noticed that."

"And do you know why?"

"Why, it's because I'm getting more sensitive, as you say, and I can see more clearly the causes of things. I'm growing more intuitive."

"When that power is stronger, when you are able to see at a glance the character and much of the history of another, when you have the power to cure at times by only the laying on of your hands—can you see no temptation there?"

"There's no harm in curing people, is there? Where is the temptation?"

"I think I sketched out for you a little of the great plan of evolution by which we climb up the ladder of being. Well, so long as we are confined to the earth plane, the physical, there is no harm in trying to build up a reputation as a great healer and to make a fortune out of the power if we wish, but when we begin to use

the higher powers for our own aggrandizement, then we err."

"Then I should not use the sight for healing?"

"Not that, but you should not use it for money nor with any idea of getting a reputation. All human beings are God's children, and when one begins to be so fortunate that he is able to serve, no matter in what capacity, he must serve unselfishly. To use any of the higher powers to make money or to build up a business or a reputation is to use them along the lines of black magic, and that you must avoid. Selfishness is the great dragon which the human race is fighting today although they do not realize it. Pure unselfishness is rare and it can only be cultivated by actual suffering, though in your case I think you can cultivate it by observation, for you have suffered greatly in the past. Sometime I may be able to show you some of your past lives if you keep on as you are going now."

The Doctor smiled. He was confident of his own integrity and knew that the Professor's warnings were needless. Of his own ability to have power without abusing it he was certain, and the temptation to use any power which he might obtain for selfish aims could be easily resisted so that the Professor was alarmed over nothing. The mention of black magic caught his attention for, of course, no one believed in so crude a thing as magic. That was in the category of exploded superstition such as alchemy and astrology and all such nonsense. He could not think that a man who could really appear at will would talk of such things. Could it be that the Professor was an impostor? Perhaps he was really a man of flesh and blood and had carried on some very clever sleight of hand work with some ulterior object in view—

"Such suspicions are natural but while ordinarily I would disregard them I shall make an exception in your case—shake hands!"

The Doctor's mind experienced a shock that the Professor had so accurately read his thought; then he stretched out his hand to grasp that which was held out to him. His hand went directly through the other hand. He tried again with the same result. The other's hand, apparently as real and firm as his own, offered no more opposition to his grasp than a frosty breath on a winter's morning. He opened his lips to

apologize and kept them open without uttering a word for again he was alone in the room.

(*To be continued*)

THE MESSAGE OF PENTECOST

(*Continued from page 89*)

impetus to prove their participation in it by words and deeds of a higher order. The *whole world* had to be their witness stand, and on the principle of Universal Brotherhood their testimony of His resurrection was to be given through *activity for the comrades*,—His comrades and theirs. They must use the higher faculties of their raised state in order to raise mankind. Well they knew the builder's song of universal love, but they needed the force to swing the builder's hammer in rhythm with it. They prayed and trusted, worked and waited. The Master had promised them that they would do such works as He had done, and that the power to be His active witnesses before all creation would come to them through the Holy Spirit.

(*To be continued*)

A LETTER TO WOMAN

(*Continued from page 87*)


waters. While the Peace Treaty has been discussed for almost a year and a half and our legislators cannot agree, they have been discussing the building of greater and more destructive ships and instruments of warfare. If peace must depend upon men of the present type of training, it will never come. But mothers, O mothers, wake up! Too long have you remained ignorant of your power for good or evil. Too long have you borne sons and allowed them to be reared to kill. Yours is the power to change this. And may God help and give you the knowledge to fulfill your true mission.

"Set, as it were, thy left-hand will to the daily calling thou pursuest, but direct thy right-hand will towards God and the Eternal; only remember that thou art but a day-laborer, and listen for the voice that shall call thee home."—*Jacob Behmen*.

Reconstruction Letters

WILL LIVINGSTON COMFORT

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NTIL one realizes that thinking a thing does not make it so, there is no possible co-ordination between the mind and the Spirit. All holdings of the mind are inconclusive. The best that we can think is part-truth; it might be half-truth; it might be nine-tenths truth. The expressions of the world of finance and diplomacy—of all nationalism and socialism, of all anarchism, communism, conservatism—are expressions of partisanship. They are of the mind. The opposite demands equal attention. The mind thinks; only the Spirit knows. The mind sees at one time from a certain point of the periphery only; the Spirit looks out from the Center.

The discussions of a thousand conferences—of labor and capital, of black and white, of religion and science; the bickerings of a thousand courts and cabinets, in the myriads of houses of men at this hour, the drone rising from a thousand altars—are all meaningless as the grind of wheels on the world highways. Truth is not the opinions of parties. There are not two sides to a question except in the mind. Truth is of the Spirit. Truth is central, immutable, never contradicts itself. Truth is one.

I can think a thousand things, but I cannot know one with the mind alone. I can only know a thing because my Real Self gives it to my mind. I might hear Truth from another, but I could not know it to be Truth, unless my own Spiritual Nature were aroused to the point of recognition and giving it sanction in my mind. . . . The mind is keyed to one vibration; the Spirit to another in this Place. The Spiritual vibration is finer and more potent. . . . In most of us there is no working communication between the two vibrations. In genius there are sparks of contact; in the teaching of Avatars alone, so far, is spiritual vibration sustained for utterance through the mind.

We enter the silence—that is, we still the craving of the body and the clamor of the mind—in the hope at last of hearing the Voice of the Silence, of lifting ourselves to the pitch wherein we may consciously respond to the vibration of the Spirit. Again, the occultist la-

bors for years to bring back to the registration of the mind the record of his freer activities during the sleep of the body. In both of these offices the struggle is to raise the mind to a vibration in which it can key, even for an instant, to lowest vibration of the Spirit. Clearly now can be seen the reason why so many of the mystic ordeals of the Path are toward the end of rendering the mind back to allegiance with its own Spirit.

I was asked this morning, if we are not called upon to make these molecular bodies perfect for resurrection. It is only the physically-minded that could think of the desirability of such a thing. The incubating chick would scream at the thought of its shell being taken away. Its shell is its world. It is growing within this world, and the germ would have to die and begin again if the shell were taken away untimely, but the day comes when the uses of the shell are ended. The chick emerges, breaking the shell, hardly seeing it again, leaving it to be assimilated in the ground. . . . This physical body is a shock absorber. It confines us in a narrow rigid training for a time, because we are at the mercy of our desires and lawless emotions, not fit to be at large in the freer sphere. Learning the lessons of order and restraint, the uses of this confinement are ended, and the poor little physical vehicle is reabsorbed in its own elements.

But the mind is an added power given to Spiritual Being to facilitate its expression. I have likened it to the bobbin-filler which fulfills its use when placed against the whirring hand-wheel of the sewing machine itself. The bobbin-filler might think it was the whole machine, but that does not make it so; still it has as much right to say this, as the mind has to affirm, "I am Man."

Only the Spiritual Being has the authority to say *I Am*. Neither you nor I can say *I Am*, without appearing ludicrous from a spiritual standpoint, until we have ceased to speak our mind and have become the voice of the Silence, our utterance straight from basic Spiritual Being. Thus to speak means that we have cleansed

and quickened our minds to answer to the vibrations of the Spirit; it means that our planetary ordeals are done. If we remain for a little time after reaching this state within this molecular shell designed for planetary activity, it is only to teach or exemplify what we Know and what we are capable of Being, for the sake of the good we may do unto others.

The time shall come in your ordeals to eradicate the lies and sophistries of the mind, when you shall become conscious of the two vibrations—the tainted activity of the mind like a stench from a canal, compared to a breath of open ocean which is Spiritual Knowing. The mind in its true state plays like an orderly planet about its sun. It is bathed in reflected light and works from all angles of its orbit. The sun shines with its own incandescence and forever works from the Center. Coordinated with its own Center, working in full allegiance with its own Spirit (as ours are not) the mind-power is a glowing and beautiful thing, capable of flashing initiatives and angles of vision at different points and times, but it can never work from the Center, at all points all the time. Its realm is not Knowledge. It can bring in testimony, but the Spirit alone can decide.

Most of us are incapable of decision because we are not Ourselves. We cannot see all sides at once, therefore cannot judge. We can think from a thousand slants, but we cannot Know; and the deeper our spiritual sleep, the more positive are we in the mind that what we think is true. Very few of our minds so far have ever been touched with one real ruling decision from the Voice of the Silence. The Spirit within us is the ancient prisoner of the mind—ancient beyond the multiplication of ages in the mind itself. That is why we are down. That is why we are here. That is why every test and ordeal of our Path Homeward just now is a rendering back into allegiance of the mind-power to the Spirit—to become spiritually minded.

The Spirit does not criticise or placate or excuse or discuss or explain or argue. The Spirit speaks from Truth which is one. Not a thousand sides, not two sides, but one. The Spirit says, "I Am," but it does not say, "I Am God," because it is not God. Only the arrogance of a mind, sick with itself, ever committed such a blasphemy. The Spirit is Essential Loveliness, but in its present plight—the prisoner of "wandering lunatic mind"—its humility and

chivalry would prevent it from identifying itself with its Creator, as the boy arrested in the gutter gives a false name to save his father from shame.

We have done already most of our chattering about God for many ages to come. The higher we climb on the Rising Road Homeward, the farther we shall see and the more awe we shall have for the Absolute. We are maudlin with mind-thinks of what God and Harmony are. One of our plexuses shakes loose, and we hear a voice from some earth-bound entity, whom we would hide our children from if he were in the body, and we say God has spoken to us. We rouse our ego by deep breathing or the conservation of sex-force, and explain to our neighbor that our utterance is divine.

This is not spiritual humility. It is the raving of our savage turnkey. When the mind says, "I am Wholeness," it lies, for it is all that Wholeness is not. The finest mind-power on this planet is a sick disrupted fragment of Wholeness, and unless co-ordinated with its own Spiritual Being, has yet to utter a single sentence of Truth. It can only know the Truth from its own Knower.

When the mind says, "There is no evil," it is because it is lost in the fog of the thing it denies. Imagine how the Spirit—a prisoner these ages—shrinks from this sort of mental mummery; imagine what the Spirit feels when its mind, arranging the body in proper Eastern habit and position, hands clasped, feet folded under, the mat of kusa grass beneath its spine, begins to affirm, "I am Love."

The Spirit has held its nostrils these many ages against this and kindred assinities of the mind. If the body and mind were fully rendered to the Spirit, the inner Voice might safely say, "I am Love," for Loveliness is its nature, but it could not say, "I am Wholeness," for this is not true outside of Harmony. There is no Wholeness in this Place. A spirit held within these confines would be the last to say, "There is no evil," because it has known nothing else these unprintable ages as a bond-slave lost in Egyptian darkness. All that is not evil here are the embers of the love-thing which are being fanned softly now by the working forces of Restoration. And as for Love Itself as it exists in Harmony, its minutest vibration would an-

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Swedenborg and His Alleged Masonic Connections

By J. H.

(Continued from June)

THE obligation of secrecy is intended to be kept literally or not at all. Let the candidate keep this obligation and see what follows. There is no place under the canopy of heaven where one can obtain the mysteries of real Freemasonry except in the heart of the initiate. If Masonry can be known only to Masons who have first been elected and then duly and truly prepared and examined, how can it be attacked by the outside world? How can the Pope or any other man attack an institution which is truly occult? Who is to blame for these attacks? If an initiate makes himself known to an outsider without strict trial, due examination, or lawful information, he deserves to be condemned on account of violating a solemn promise. Let it be distinctly understood that the Pope can accept, alter, or reject only that art, part, or point of Masonry which has been communicated to him without strict trial, due examination, or lawful information; the rest is beyond the reach of his anathema or of his apostolic blessing.

The strict observance of the obligation makes it impossible for any candidate to apply for the mysteries; he must first be strictly tried, examined, elected, prepared, before he can be informed that he is a member of an Order which binds the finite to the Infinite. This work of preparation must be done in deep silence without the sound of ax, hammer, or any tool of iron. The candidate will never know that he is a candidate. He will never know a single officer or member of his Lodge or even the existence thereof, until he is legally entitled to become a brother. The man will know nothing of what goes on during the period of his probation, until he awakes and for the first time looks upon the Woman that was made for him during his deep sleep. Then and not until then will he know the meaning of that mysterious and immaculately white coat of the Lamb that was slain, a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout from the skin of that Lamb "who shall overcome them, for he is Lord of Lords and King of Kings."

Before one can say anything on the alleged

Masonic connections of Swedenborg, he will have to look into the mysteries of Freemasonry from the point of view of a truly occult philosophy, such as the Rosicrucians have guarded for centuries. Swedenborg was not an ordinary Mason but one whose activities extended beyond the grave through the boundless realm of eternity. The deeper student of his writings will find that he is on holy ground when he learns how the real secrets of Masonry have been sought from time immemorial and never been obtained except as a free gift to men able to keep them. They can neither be bought with money nor extorted through pain. The dead keep their secret.

As the vital parts are contained within the breast of the living, so are the most valued tenets of Freemasonry safely lodged within the hearts of the dead who have reached that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. There no power on earth can reach them. There is seen the Wisdom, the Strength and the Beauty of Masonry. Death and the fear of death have passed away, love reigns, and a peace that passeth all understanding. The Lost Word is found and with it realities that are beyond our wildest dreams. The conscious experience of immortality with new senses, new powers, new ideals, soon help the initiate to forget the temptations and troubles, the trials and afflictions which every man born of a woman is destined to endure while traveling through this vale of tears. There all things are made new. The truth of the Word of God and of its prophecies, which are the hope and inspiration of every Christian, is wonderfully vindicated and fulfilled.

No, the real secrets of Masonry are not signs and grips and passwords, but spiritual powers through which the whole world is kept in order and without which nothing comes to pass. Yet material scientists who have positive proof of the wonderful faculties of the human soul as revealed in trance, conscious and unconscious hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, and similar lines of psychical research, doubt the possibility of such powers, which are too elusive for the laboratory, and claim that there is nothing be-

yond their knowledge. The occult scientist knows better, for he investigates such phenomena in their own world. Emanuel Swedenborg must have seen a little more than his contemporary philosophers, for he testifies that the whole human race is led by means of spirits from another world. Shall we doubt this statement? Shall we doubt the conscious experience of immortality by men who have passed beyond? Has the Supreme Intelligence of the Grand Architect of the Universe exhausted its resources with the discoveries and the inventions of the twentieth century? Or may it still be possible for others to know more than we do? Place a man in possession of modern knowledge among the inhabitants of this same planet that lived two thousand years ago, and see what an invincible superiority he would have over his fellows. Now take a human being in possession of the knowledge which all the race will have in two thousand years from now, place him among the leaders of today, and see who would then control our destinies: *Knowledge is Power.*

From what has been said the student can learn the difference between a truly occult brotherhood and a secret society whose members are known to all the world. He will now understand just why Swedenborg has been and still is a problem in Masonry. For when we come to the conclusion of the matter, we must leave it to the initiate to say whether Swedenborg was a Freemason, an Adept, a Rosicrucian, or just a plain common sense philosopher. If he was the author of a Masonic Rite to be conferred by communication, he may have observed it himself by concealing it from the profane and revealing it to the initiate only, thus keeping the membership secret. If there are in his works references to missing and unpublished manuscripts, it may be that they are still in existence and carefully guarded by those interested in them.

Although Swedenborg wrote nothing about Masonry, every single word in his writings testifies to his admission to the Grand Lodge above where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides. His doctrine of discrete degrees explains the need of writing in correspondences. What he has left is a double testimony to the greatness and the glory of Mystic Masonry: First, his exoteric silence concerning the Order, and second, the use of a mystic key, which is the *Nunc Licet* to all his theological works. This

key which opens the inner glory of his teachings, belongs to Masonry, for it is the Divine Genius of the Mystic Art which teaches the correspondence of all things above and below: *As above, so below; as within, so without.* It is interesting how many times Swedenborg alludes to the deeper arcana contained in his writings, especially in his doctrine concerning the spiritual sense of the Word.

At one time an angel of the third heaven came to him and handed him a paper, but as the writing was in rounded letters such as they have in that heaven, Swedenborg returned the paper and asked the angel to explain the meaning of the words there written, in terms adapted to the ideas of his thought. The angel replied: "This is what is here written: Enter hereafter into the mysteries of the Word, which has been heretofore shut up."

Swedenborg differed from other religious reformers in that he never asked his followers to give up their old church connections or to form a special organization for the New Church. They could be members of all creeds or of no creed. This is in line with the Western Wisdom Teachings. The Rosicrucian Fellowship encourages people to remain with their churches while giving them explanations which creeds may have obscured. It does not look upon religions and religious movements from the standpoint of another religious movement, which makes a true judgment impossible. The true speed of a railroad train cannot be seen from another train in motion, neither can the tenets of a religious movement be truly appraised from the standpoint of another similar movement.

Throughout the centuries the Order of Rosicrucians has been at the immovable center of things from which the teachings of all religions proceed and to which they must all return, and the Fellowship is guided by this Order. It looks upon the Christ as a high massive mountain which all humanity is trying to climb along different roads. At the top of the mountain the broad and easy highway and the straight and narrow path will meet, and there it will be seen how short-sighted those are who claim that theirs is the only way that leads to the top. Those on the straight and narrow path may be thousands or millions of years ahead of the stragglers, but the Good Shepherd is not willing that any of his other sheep shall get really "lost." He knows their number, and will lose none.

Since the time of Swedenborg humanity has made greater progress in theology, philosophy, and science in one year than it had in a hundred years before, and since the appearance of the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception in November, 1909, there has been a greater change in the world than any man would have dreamt of eleven years ago. This book is actually charged with spiritual forces, and no one can come in contact with it without getting a "shock" of some kind. Who can follow the inter-relationship of the sevenfold constitution of man, the seven planets, and the seven worlds, without feeling his consciousness expand? This work will stand the test. Test it by all the tricks of imposters, mediums, false clairvoyants, and fake magicians, try it by all the creeds of theology and the instruments of science, and you must still admit that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of." This work has been tried, and is ready to be tried again. It is different from many others because

an *authorized* messenger wrote it. It has the air of another world about it, and it brings glad tidings from the land of the living dead.

A rose with its pure, white petals upon which rests the dew of heaven like teardrops of an unrequited love, would be unable to attract us with its beauty and its exquisite perfume, or wound us with its thorns, if it were not for the harmless, invisible root deep down in the bosom of the earth that neither fades nor dies. So it is the invisible or internal, and not so much the visible or external side of Swedenborg that interests the student of Mystic Masonry and of esoteric Christianity. The Seer of the North confirms our teachings that there is no death, and that our friends who have dropped their robe of clay to put on a shining garment are still here and love us.

"Yes, ever near us, though unseen,
Our dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all God's boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead."

THE END

Vivisection a Horror and Disgrace

Excerpts from an Article by Leonora Bailey in "The Open Door"

In all this disturbed and restless world I can think of no greater horror and disgrace than vivisection, taking its place beside the other atrocities of which we have read during the past four years; the difference being that the latter were supposed to end with the ending of the war while the former has been carried on for two thousand years with the prospect of continuing indefinitely.

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If the monsters who do these things really believed that by these acts they were learning something by which they could alleviate the sufferings of mankind, there might be some excuse, although no slightest justification, found for them. But, though they deceive countless people who do not take the trouble to think for themselves, *they* are not deceived regarding the enormities they commit. Claude Bernard, M.D., Experimental Physiologist, Paris, after thirty years of drastic experiments upon animals, said: "Our hands are empty but our mouths are still full of promises." Prof. Ernest

H. Starling, M.D., London: "So long as we allow the vivisection of animals we must expect the vivisection of men and women. The final experiment must always be made upon man."

So few people know, or are willing to believe, that vivisection is carried on right under their very eyes; that millions of God's harmless, loving, dependent creatures are daily subjected to the most excruciating torture by medical men of education and social position.

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Man's callous ingratitude is illustrated undeniably in the vivisection of the dog, since it would be impossible to say how many lives were saved by dogs in the war. But does this make any difference to the vivisector in his "research" work? Not at all. He insists particularly upon retaining his privilege of vivisectioning this highly developed and humanized animal!

To change a phrase from a book that will still live after the vivisectors are all dead—What will this "knowledge" profit them if they gain the whole world, but lose their own souls?

Question Department.

Is There Any Sorrow in Heaven?

Editor's Note.—The answers to the first two questions were written by the students in the course in Christian Mysticism whose names are appended thereto.



QUESTION:

It has been said that there is no sorrow in heaven. What is the Rosicrucian teaching on this subject?

ANSWER:

If some earnest believer in the orthodox heaven were to ask the writer the first part of the above question, he would find himself at a loss to answer, for the orthodox view is that there is no dividing line on the spiritual side of life (Roman Catholic version of purgatory excepted). According to the orthodox conception, the spirit that passes out, if deserving of heaven, goes at once into eternal rest, all debts paid or cancelled, sensing nothing but eternal bliss.

The Rosicrucian agrees with them that sorrow is unknown in heaven, but we must remind our friends that there is a dividing line after the passing out from the physical body. When the spirit leaves the physical body and passes on to the spiritual side of life, we are taught according to the Rosicrucian doctrine that it must go through a state of purification called purgatory, where all the life just finished is called up before it. The scroll of life is unrolled before us in reverse order from the grave to birth. As it unrolls we see where we have wronged or hurt someone, we sense it and suffer in spirit in the manner in which the person we wronged suffered. The suffering is all the more intense because there is no physical body to ward off the pain. So we live over again the scenes of the life just closed, sensing grief and regret over deeds ill done or for something we left undone, until there comes a time when the proper atonement has been made, after which the purified spirit ascends to the first heaven.

We are told in the Cosmo that the first heaven is a place of joy without a single drop of bitterness. When the spirit has passed into the region constituting the first heaven, it has gone beyond the influence of all earthly ties. Sorrow, sickness, and all such earthly drawbacks are unknown there; these pertain only to the material side of life and are a part of the experiences we pass through in the physical.

Just as we pass through the cleansing state of purgatory wherein we live over again the scenes of the past life, so also in the first heaven we review the good we have done in the life just closed, sensing to the uttermost the pleasure and right feeling that come from the review of those acts that were carried out without a selfish thought on our part. It will be then that we shall know the real value of a kind act or a loving message. It is there we find such acts rebounding toward us, for our joy in the heaven worlds depends on the pleasure we caused others.

There are many of us who are kind and thoughtful in our dealings with our own kin or our very close friends, but how many of us reach out the helping hand to the stranger without the gates. Are we listening to the words of Christ, "I was a stranger and ye took me in"? Are we keeping before us the picture presented in that beautiful parable of the good Samaritan? Although the wounded man was not of his people nor of the same religion, but considered as an enemy of his people, still the Samaritan bound up the wounds of the stranger and placing him upon his own beast, took him to an inn and had him cared for. It is not in caring for those we love with a selfish love that the greatest reward in heaven will come, but in going into the highways and byways of life, finding the outcasts, the derelicts, the wounded in life's battles, those who sorrow and are heavy laden. Even though they be our enemies, it is in caring for such, giving out the best we have to help raise them to the heights from which they may have fallen,

helping to heal a wounded heart, or in helping someone along the road called straight, that we sense the real love call of humanity. Unselfish loving service is the only straight road to God.

The progress of the spirit in time brings it into the second heaven where it stands as if alone in a silence deep and impressive, yet it knows it is not afraid. A wonderful peace steals over it as it becomes accustomed to the vibrations and awake to the celestial harmony. There is no discord there to mar the harmonies. In such a heaven home there can be no sorrow.

The successive steps of experience will bring the spirit in time to the third heaven where under harmonious conditions of a nature impossible for us to understand, it is strengthened for its next dip into matter. Here it works on the life about to be enacted, the spirit doing the work joyfully, for it is in spirit that we understand and know that it is only by successive lives of ever increasing goodness that we can reach perfection, where grief and regret will be known no more and all will be complete in the Father.

JOHN J. BARNIVILL.

WHY IS IT NECESSARY FOR MAN TO EVOLVE THROUGH MATTER?

QUESTION:

Why is it necessary for us as Virgin Spirits to take this long journey into matter with so much suffering? What advantage will we gain from it?

ANSWER:

We are evolving to become Creators. Slowly we are unfolding from impotence to omnipotence, when we shall be masters of ourselves and masters of other kingdoms. We must therefore evolve an individual Will, independent of and separate from the high spiritual Beings who are now guiding our evolution.

In order to develop our Will and individuality, we come here to the school of physical existence, where we put on such dense vehicles that the remembrance of our true spiritual home is completely erased from our consciousness. Here we stay each time for a little while, and learn through our own deeds and misdeeds or through those of others. We have now gained a splendid self-consciousness in the physical world, and are beginning to reach back again for the all-consciousness that we have lost for a little while.

Therefore we are here, not for happiness but for experience which gives us soul-growth. *Suffering* is one of the most efficient means for gaining experience.

Furthermore, in order to learn to create perfectly, it is necessary for us to make practical applications of our thought creations to find out whether they have any flaws in them. An inventor corrects many a mistake while he is building his invention in material, whereas if he were not able to come here and build it, his thought form of it would be imperfect, and in evolving he would become but an imperfect creator.

As noted, from all our experience we gain soul-growth. The Divine Spirit, working on the dense body, extracts the Conscious Soul. The Life Spirit, working on the vital body, extracts the Intellectual Soul. The Human Spirit, working on the desire body, extracts the Emotional soul.

TESSIE LEHRER.

WHAT CAUSES SICKNESS?

QUESTION:

In *Tannhauser*, Part II., you say that sickness attends soul growth to a greater or less extent. I also see in Lecture No. 11, *Spiritual Sight and Insight*, that you say disease is a manifestation of ignorance; in proportion that the Christ is formed in us we attain to health. These two passages do not seem reconcilable to my mind.

ANSWER:

They are nevertheless entirely reconcilable. Until the Christ life illumines us from within, we do not comprehend, neither do we follow the laws of nature, and consequently we contract diseases by our ignorant contravention of these laws. As Emerson puts it, a man who is sick is a scoundrel in the act of being found out; he has broken the laws of nature. That is why it is necessary that the gospel of Christ should be preached, that every one of us should learn to love our God with our whole heart and with our whole soul and our brother as ourselves, for all our trouble in the world, whether we recognize it or not, comes from the one great fact of our selfishness. If the alimentative function be deranged, what is the reason? Is it not that we have overtaxed our system because of selfishness? Or if we have a nervous breakdown, is it not because we have been angered and exhausted our nerve force by trying to get some one to

serve our selfish ends, and because we feel resentful that we have not succeeded? In every case selfishness is the prime cause of most disease, sorrow and pain. Selfishness is the supreme besetting sin of ignorance.

Now as to reconciling the above with the first part of the question: As we progress on the path of attainment and through right thoughts, words, and deeds and also right food, spiritualize or raise the vibrations of our vehicles, they grow more sensitive. Each little disturbance, either physical or mental, is then more keenly felt, the pain more sharp and acute. Until the aspirant learns how to adjust himself so that he keeps his poise upon both the physical and spiritual planes at the same time, he will suffer sickness and bodily discomfort to greater or lesser degree. If he persists, however, the time will come when he will be able to establish the necessary poise and maintain good, though not robust, physical health while at the same time being able to function on the inner planes.

THE DUTIES OF A PROBATIONER

QUESTION:

I have been upon the student list at Mount Ecclesia for a number of years and have recently taken my vow as a probationer. I have promised myself that I shall endeavor to obey the God within, but now I am puzzled as to what course I should pursue. How can I best keep my vow? In what way can I best assist my fellow man and help the spread of the Fellowship teachings? I need guidance; please aid me.

ANSWER:

This probationer feels as do all others who are earnest in their aspirations, that there is a great field for work, but lack of experience holds him back, he feels his own incompetency. He asks: How can I best keep my vow?—By every moment keeping an earnest watch on thought, word and deed. By never allowing anything impure to enter the mind, no hasty word to escape the lips, no dishonorable act to sully the name. It is necessary to understand the constitution of man to fully comprehend the situation. Man is a three-fold spirit which has emanated from and is still a part of God. This is spoken of as the Ego or God within. Each aspect of the spirit has built a body in concrete matter, a reflection of itself. Naturally one would expect that these lower vehicles would be under control of their

higher counterpart, but unfortunately other influences have crept in and estranged the lower from the higher. Now a direct path has been constructed between the spiritual and material parts of man's constitution. This path is the mind. It is still very feeble and not under control, but by degrees it will become more usable. Our will to do will cause this link of mind to grow stronger. The light from our Higher Self will lead our lower self by the path of mind if we are true to our vow and follow the injunctions of our spirit.

Let each student and probationer realize that he, united with all the others, forms the Rosicrucian Fellowship; that every thought and act of his reacts upon the whole. Each time his love and compassion are stirred he raises the vibrations of the whole, whether he be in California or Ceylon. Each time he is self-seeking or dishonorable, thinks thoughts that pull down instead of building up, he thus causes the whole Fellowship to suffer. Not only does it suffer by the lowered vibration thus caused, but the criticism of the world is directed against the whole body and it is weakened thereby. We are all each moment either helping in their work the spiritual beings who are behind this wonderful movement, or we are fighting against them.

The members of the Fellowship are as a city set upon a hill whose light cannot be hid. They must attune themselves so that they give forth only a true keynote. If they respond to anything that is false, they by that falsity of tone draw to the Fellowship what is undesirable and untrue. When they find among their numbers what they recognize as not being the true light, let each inquire of himself what he has done to attract such a condition. Each will have to plead guilty at the bar of conscience; there is not one who is free from sin.

When a soul steps apart from the multitude and resolves to follow the path that leads upward, then the eyes of all are upon him. The angels rejoice, the evil forces seek to lay a trap hoping perchance he may trip and fall. Often he will trip, often he may fall, but every time he starts again forward, he helps the whole Fellowship. The steady striving will show the watchers and the scoffers that there is a power not of earth helping the earnest soul to reach the goal. Therefore keep on trying every day "just where you are," following closely the life of the Christ.



The Astral Ray.

Astrology for Every Day

ELEANOR JENNINGS

Editor's Note.—The following article was submitted in the Prize Competition. Its classification and ranking, as well as those of the other articles submitted, will be determined and published in the August number of the Magazine.

ASTROLOGY today is slowly but steadily winning its way into the circle of accepted helps toward a better understanding of life and its problems. Its acceptance marks a weakening of the prejudice which has so long associated astrology with the queer, the uncanny, the credulous who put their faith in fortune telling. Its scientific accuracy, its value in practical life problems, its super-value in the spiritual life, are only beginning to win the recognition they all deserve. The students of astrology in its higher aspects have a task before them which calls for great patience on their part.

The usual demand from the young people is entirely personal. "When will I be married?" cries the young girl. "When will I—er—er—am I—going to get—married?" mumbles the shyer boy. It is natural and perhaps to be looked for, since the adolescent years are colored so strongly by the dreams of the desire world. These young people always hear from me a little of the serious, before I gratify the longing for romantic information.

The older people who are skeptical range from ironical derision to the polite wonder with which a woman I know once asked me, "You don't believe in it!" Her tone held a question as to my sanity, a fearful dread that my reason was greatly impaired. "Well, it works." My reply

made her laugh. "One can't ask more than that of anything," she agreed. But I know that she was still unconvinced.

Part of the sentiment against astrology is based upon the delineations furnished for ten cents or one dollar, through advertisers. A very charming woman of my acquaintance brought me such a chart, put up by an advertising astrologer. Her sun was in Scorpio, and not knowing her hour of birth, the chart was set for noon; the reading described her as a most unpleasant sort of person—gross, immoral, bad tempered, apparently basing the whole reading upon the worst attributes of the Scorpio sign. One glance at her face told that Aries must have been ascending at her birth. The chart properly set, and later verified as correct, described her as she was—a cultured, religious woman, a devoted, unusually happy wife and faithful, conscientious mother.

If the people who sneer could realize the practical value of astrology in the care of children, there would be a great moderation of the sentiment against it. In my own family it enables me to look ahead, and seeing a bad aspect forming, to prepare for it with extra care. Threatening illnesses have been several times averted in this way.

In the training of the "difficult" child, the horoscope gives the only key. I have one little daughter whose rising sign is Capricorn, holding Uranus within four degrees of the ascendant. Her Sun is on Saturn in Taurus. I need not tell an astrologer that she is a difficult young person to live with, but since I can see *why* she

is so hard to manage, I am able to adjust my discipline to her conditions. It isn't fair to the child who must endure such trying vibrations, to try to fit him or her into a set of rules established for the average little person. In dealing with the children of today we have a delicate and tremendous responsibility. Astrology is the greatest help I know of, in meeting that demand.

To teachers and parents the trying period of adolescence can be met with intelligence and tact if they will consult the child's horoscope. The acute strain is definitely shown in point of time, and the child can be tactfully helped to weather the gale—not left to battle alone, unknowing and at a loss to understand. The greatest service we can render humanity is to help the children of today to see what life really is, to help them to meet it with knowledge and poise, and to understand themselves. In that way alone can the progress so necessary to our race evolution be assured the children of tomorrow.

The adult is subject to the same strain as bad aspects form in the chart, and a knowledge of the test coming would marshal in any earnest soul all the strength of the spirit to meet the time of trial. Desire can cleverly hide under the cloak of idealism, but with the horoscope as a lamp in the hand, the honest man or woman can see the root of the feeling and be warned if it is only the lower nature beguiling the higher into folly.

Light in dark places—for that astrology is given us. It takes courage to face the dark places, but like any unseen terror, once brought into the light of day and squarely faced, it loses half its power to harm. If this lamp of astrology could be kept trimmed and burning, the children of our day as men and women would be able to live in greater harmony and to understand each other so much better than is possible today. Then the timid, dreamy Cancer child would not be urged into the harmful strain of public work; the aggressive Aries lad would be guided but not curbed with rules of iron discipline; the work of the world would be divided with beautiful exactness among those fitted to each task—truly Utopia, blessed to live in.

In my own experience I have astrology to thank for a broader vision as to my friends. When the horoscope tells me the handicap under which each one must labor, my tolerant sym-

pathy replaces my old time impatient criticism. We can't be unkind to one suffering physically. Astrology helps us to extend that same patient sympathy to those afflicted mentally or spiritually. I recall a charming and popular gentleman, so prone to forget promises and engagements as to irritate all his friends. When I found his Mercury had one lone aspect—a disquieting conjunction to Mars, and Mercury retrograde; his Moon opposite Saturn, with Saturn in Aries—both intercepted signs, I ceased to expect him to remember very much. I had blamed him for lack of professional ambition, but again Mars in his seventh house with no aspect but the conjunction to retrograde Mercury told me that ambition was not built into his nature. His Sun in Sagittarius trine Jupiter made him a dear friend to everyone, and I continued to like him for the sunshine of that aspect.

Another instance—a wife came to me with so sad a story of discouragement that I really saw little chance even for astrology to help her. Her husband was so jealous that she could not have even a woman friend. He gave her no happiness, and he also made it impossible for her to seek the mildest happiness with anyone else. His unkindness to his children hurt her more than his cruelty to herself. I can't say that astrology made him over, but his chart showed Venus squared by Saturn and opposed by Neptune. He had Uranus rising in a fiery, cruel sign. His inability to adjust himself to little children was shown by this same Saturn in the fifth house. His wife studied over what I told her and finally said: "He seems to be the result, not the cause. If he can't help it, I suppose I shall just have to regard it as I might any disease or affliction." It isn't, to my mind, right for him to be so unkind, but I must claim for her a greater patience in meeting the strain, once she had seen the chart.

Examples could be multiplied indefinitely, since most of the strain of living is due to lack of understanding between us and our associates. But each example would only say in a slightly different way the same truth—that in astrology we have a heaven-given help, a message telling us our work, our service, and our problem.

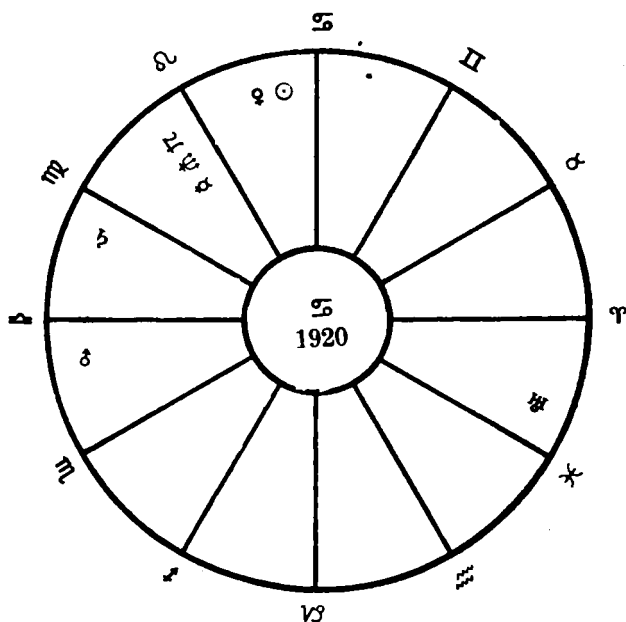
One of the greatest obstacles astrology must overcome is the intolerance fondly considered intellectual by those who cherish it. The present

(Continued on page 108)

The Children of Cancer, 1920

Born between June 22nd and July 22nd, inclusive

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign which the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. This should give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 20c each.



THE children born while the Sun is passing through the sign of Cancer are of a timid, retiring, and dreamy nature, desiring to be alone; yet, just as the Moon, the ruler of this sign, is versatile and movable and dependent upon other planets, so these Cancer children want sympathy, friendship and companionship, but they want to choose their own time and their own companions. They are very distrustful, always fearful of financial losses and therefore hold on to finances and have a tendency to worry about and fear poverty and old age. Much like the symbol of Cancer—the crab—they are tenacious and hold on to things for self, getting what they want indirectly, yet easily influenced by love and kindness. They are very sympathetic and kind-hearted, especially those born during the time the Sun is passing through this sign this year. With Jupiter in the sign of the heart, Leo, they will be very generous, and with Neptune, the higher octave of Mercury, also in the same sign the natural mystical side of these children will be brought out.

There will be two natures in them at war with each other. With the benevolent and opulent Jupiter, the devotional and musical Neptune, and Mercury in the magnanimous sign of the heart, they will want to do big things; they will

look upon life with benevolent and kindly eyes, and will want to love all humanity. But we find Saturn, the obstructor, the planet that sees things in a narrow, crystallized way, placed in Virgo, a mercurial sign, which when afflicted is also very apt to see things from a narrow point of view, in mundane opposition to Uranus, the higher octave of Venus, in the 12th House sign of Pisces, the House of self-undoing. This will give a tendency to worry, mistrust, criticism. This configuration of planets is directly opposite in nature to the previous one situated in Leo, therefore the children may express through one or the other, depending upon aspects.

The affliction noted above will also interfere with assimilation in the small intestines. Therefore these children should be taught to eat sparingly and of carefully chosen food where they get the most food value out of the least bulk. They will be very critical in their likes and dislikes and their appetites will be abnormal. With Saturn in the sign of the small intestines there will be a lack of fluid necessary to digest the food; therefore if these children are taught to chew their food well so that the salivary glands in the mouth supply the liquids that may be lacking in the small intestines, it will save them much trouble in later years.

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him to subscribe.* We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not thus trouble us; it will avail nothing.

Editor's Note.—We give below the cusps of the houses and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.

ROBERT S. B.

Born October 4, 1917. 3:30 P. M.

Long. 123 W., Lat. 46 N.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Sagittarius 5; 11th House, Sagittarius 24; 12th House, Capricorn 14; Ascendant, Aquarius 11-50, Pisces intercepted; 2nd House, Aries 4; 3rd House, Taurus 10.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 20-4 retrograde, Aquarius; Moon 6-18 Gemini; Jupiter 11-30, retrograde, Gemini; Neptune 6-45 Leo; Saturn 12-6 Leo; Mars 13-44 Leo; Mercury 23-18 Virgo; Sun 11-9 Libra; Venus 21-49 Scorpio; Dragon's Head 5-43 Capricorn.

Here we have a young boy who has the humanitarian and progressive sign of Aquarius on the Ascendant, with the ruler, Uranus, retrograde in its own sign and in the first House. Aquarius being the sign ruling the House of friends, Robert will attract many friends, but with the impulsive, eccentric Uranus on the Ascendant and square to Venus, the last named planet in its detriment in the sign of Scorpio which rules sex, the planet of love thus being afflicted by the licentious and unconventional Uranus, Robert will attract to himself friends of the opposite sex who will disregard the conventions of society and who will favor free love and a bohemian life. We find Mars, the planet of passion and impulse, making an opposition to Uranus, from the 7th House and from the impulsive and ardent sign of Leo, giving even greater impulse and danger to the above afflictions.

But the Moon in Gemini, conjunction Jupiter, sextile Neptune, Saturn, and Mars and trine the Sun will tend to offset this somewhat, will strengthen the imagination, and stabilize the life to a certain degree.

However, the parents of this boy will have to be most diplomatic and patient, being careful to set the very best example, constantly holding a high ideal before him, and training him very carefully along conventional lines, for he will want to do things out of the ordinary. He will be original. Originality when used constructively and when it is along useful lines is to be encouraged in children, but unfortunately in this case where we find Venus, Mars, and Saturn all afflicting the planet of originality, Uranus, there is great danger of this boy drifting into wrong channels and forming bad habits. This can be prevented by the parents, who should surround him with the purest environment and impress purity upon his mind during the impressionable age before he reaches puberty.

He will have a very bright mind, as all Uranian children are naturally very quick to understand and grasp things mentally. With Mercury in its own sign of Virgo, parallel to the Sun and sextile to Venus, which is in the 9th House in Scorpio, the mind should be trained in the higher occult teachings so that the lower desires can be transmuted, used constructively, and converted into spiritual energy. Jupiter, the planet of opulence, is in the 4th House, the home, in conjunction with the Moon and in sextile to Neptune, Saturn, and Mars in the magnanimous heart sign of Leo, showing that this boy can be loved into anything, especially by those in the home.

The father, indicated by Jupiter, ruler of the 10th House and posited in the 4th House, would have a strong influence on the boy for good, and

could develop the best there is in him. Therefore the father has a great responsibility, for this boy will require very careful training in order to overcome the destructive influence of the afflicted Uranus on the Ascendant. Mercury in Virgo sextile to Venus in Scorpio would give the boy a great interest in healing or nursing. As a dietician he could do much good in the world. With Mars and Uranus afflicting Venus in the sign Scorpio, the generative organs, there is danger of venereal trouble should he drift into a life of the senses.

HERBERT F. S.

Born June 24, 1904

11:00 A. M.

Long. 86 W., Lat. 43 N.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Gemini 22; 11th House, Cancer 26; 12th House, Leo 27; Ascendant, Virgo 23-14; 2nd House, Libra 18; 3rd House, Scorpio 18.

Positions of the Planets:

Moon 24-41 Scorpio; Uranus 27-46, retrograde, Sagittarius; Saturn 20-34, retrograde, Aquarius; Jupiter 25-23 Aries; Mercury 15-56 Gemini; Mars 26-1 Gemini; Venus 28-57 Gemini; Sun 2-42 Cancer; Neptune 5-32 Cancer; Dragon's Head 22-34 Virgo.

Herbert has the mercurial, quick and active sign of Virgo on the Ascendant, with the ruler, Mercury, in the 9th House also in another mercurial sign, Gemini, and trine to the methodical and thoughtful planet, Saturn. This last planet is also in its own sign, the tactful and progressive Aquarius, and is posited in the 5th House. This will give Herbert a deep and clear mentality, and a well-balanced, benevolent and kindly nature. We find Jupiter in Aries, also sextile to Saturn, which will broaden the mind, making it more kindly and benevolent. Were it not for this benevolent Jupiter the aspect between Mercury and Saturn would be apt to create a cold, critical mentality which might become crystallized. We find the harmonious and suave Venus near the cusp of the Midheaven in conjunction with the enterprising and constructive Mars in the sign of the hands and arms, making him very clever with the hands. These planets are also sextile to Jupiter and trine to Saturn, which will give this boy wonderful diplomacy, a mind which could be a force for good in governmental positions. As a diplomat he would be of great benefit to his country, for he could win

his point through his pleasing personality and diplomatic mind. With his gallant Mars conjunction with Venus, sextile to the law-abiding Jupiter, and trine to the cautious and tactful Saturn, he would win out under the most trying circumstances.

Where the above planets may work for good in one way, they will also act as a danger in another, for with Venus and Mars in conjunction and in opposition to the licentious and unconventional Uranus, Venus also in conjunction with Sun and Neptune in the sign of the stomach on the cusp of the 11th House, friends, there is great danger that this boy's pleasing personality will also make him very attractive to the opposite sex, and that he will be very fond of good things to eat and drink, of rich food and wine. This would in time endanger the health and interfere with his success. With Venus, ruler of the venous blood, conjunction with Mars in Gemini, the lungs, in opposition to Uranus, and the Moon also in square to Saturn, Herbert should be taught to breathe deeply and to practice exercises of the lungs, for the above configurations of planets will give a tendency to coughs and colds, especially as the Sun is in conjunction with Neptune in the watery sign of Cancer, the stomach, and conjunction with Venus. This will intensify the danger as the appetites may be somewhat abnormal, and a cold is often a result of overeating. Neptune, when afflicted in Cancer, gives an abnormal craving for drinks and sweets, and therefore this boy should be taught moderation in diet.

YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE FREE!

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore we will give each month, in the Astral Ray department of this magazine, a short delineation of the character and tendencies of three or four children. However, we cannot guarantee a reading in every case, since the number of names received usually exceeds the number of readings to be given. *Parents who wish to take advantage of this opportunity must be YEARLY subscribers.*

Studies The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 113-121 Cosmo-Conception)

- Q. Are these things real and tangible?
- A. They are just as real and tangible to them as our material houses are to us. All gain here the satisfaction which earth life lacked for them.
- Q. What class leads a particularly beautiful life in the first heaven?
- A. The children. When a child dies before the birth of the desire body, which takes place about the fourteenth year, it does not go any higher than the first heaven, because it is not responsible for its actions.
- Q. Does the child have a purgatorial existence?
- A. The child has no purgatorial existence. That which is not quickened cannot die, hence the desire body of the child, together with the mind, will persist until a new birth.
- Q. What does this condition bring about?
- A. Such children are very apt to remember their previous life.
- Q. How long do children remain in the first heaven?
- A. From one to twenty years; until an opportunity for rebirth is offered.
- Q. Is any progress made in this waiting-place?
- A. Yes, it is more than simply a waiting-place, because there is much progress made during the interim.
- Q. When a child dies, who is waiting for it?
- A. There is always some relative awaiting it, or, failing that, there are people who loved to "mother" children in earth life, who find delight in taking care of a little waif.
- Q. What does the extreme plasticity of the desire stuff do for the children?
- A. It makes it easy to form the most exquisite living toys for them, and their life is one long beautiful play.
- Q. What can you say about their instruction in the first heaven?
- A. They are formed into classes according to their temperament, but quite regardless of age.
- Q. What kind of lessons are easily given in the Desire World?
- A. Object lessons in the influence of good and evil passions on conduct and happiness.
- Q. How are these lessons given?
- A. They are indelibly imprinted upon the child's sensitive and emotional desire body and remain with it after rebirth.
- Q. What is the result of these lessons?
- A. Many a one living a noble life owes much of it to the fact that he was given this training.
- Q. What is brought about by this extra training?
- A. Often when a weak spirit is born the invisible Leaders who guide our evolution, cause it to die in early life so that it may be fitted for what may be a hard life.
- Q. In what cases is this training particularly given?
- A. Where the etching on the desire body was weak in consequence of a dying person having been disturbed by the lamentations of his relatives, or because he met death by accident or on the battle-field.
- Q. Under such circumstances, what was lacking in his post-mortem existence?

- A. He did not experience the appropriate intensity of feeling, therefore, when he is born and dies in early life, the loss is made up as above.
- Q. To whom does the duty of caring for such a child fall?
- A. It often falls to those who were the cause of the anomaly. They are thus afforded a chance, perhaps as parents, to make up for the fault and to learn better.
- Q. Why does it not matter if they do lament hysterically in such an instance of death in childhood?
- A. Because there would be no pictures of any consequence in a child's vital body.
- Q. Why is the first heaven a place of progression for all who have been studious, artistic, or altruistic?
- A. Because the student and philosopher have instant access to all the libraries of the world. The painter has endless delight in the ever-changing color combinations.
- Q. What does the painter learn here?
- A. He soon learns that his thought blends and shapes these colors at will. His creations glow with a life impossible of attainment to the one who works with the dull pigments of earth.
- Q. Which world is the world of Force?
- A. The Physical World.

RECONSTRUCTION LETTERS

(Continued from page 95)

nihilate us in our fallen estate. One who is Teacher to me recently said:

"You write much of love. You admire love here for its own sake. Go on, for it is all that you have to work with, but you are in danger of thinking that you know something about Love."

ASTROLOGY FOR EVERY DAY

(Continued from page 103)

vogue of abstruse psychology and psycho-analysis is due to the atmosphere they diffuse of intricate wisdom and erudition. Once I waded through several ponderous tomes on the Freudian wish, dream theory, and allied themes, in order intelligently to answer a scientist who was relegating my astrology to the uttermost limbo of the libido. I came out of that task feeling as one must whose necessary path has crossed a nauseous swamp. I let the scientist's challenge-

ing letter remain unanswered. I couldn't change him and I couldn't endure any more thought of complexes and dream analysis.

For myself I am glad that my Sun rides the high heaven in my natal chart with Venus on one hand and Jupiter on the other—Mercury close on the heels of Jupiter. Whatever squares may come up from below, there the afore-mentioned planets are, high and serene, lifting my conception of life, giving me faith in life and humanity and faith that astrology shall one day come back into its own high place. I can face the clashing discord of today if I can believe that with tomorrow the morning stars shall sing together a new song of harmony. It is our high task, oh my brothers and sisters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, to hold high our torch and show the way to the ones who are seeking truth—and to help to restore the science of the stars to its rightful dignity and service. I look for the day to come when the gifted astrologer may be given freedom to serve the world in that one way, as we now endow chairs for psycho-analysis and dead languages. Then the present tendency to misjudge and misuse and undervalue astrology will give way to a new realization of all that is offered us in the wisdom of the stars.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR ROSICRUCIAN LECTURERS

In the June number of the Magazine we outlined our latest project, namely, a Training School for Rosicrucian Lecturers, and asked all who felt the call to take up this work to send in their applications for admission to the School. It will be located here at Mt. Ecclesia. Competent instructors will be employed to give the courses, which will include public speaking, English, construction of lectures, Rosicrucian Philosophy, etc. The course will probably be from three to six months long.

We feel that it is very necessary to get lecturers into the field in order that the Philosophy may reach a greater number of people, for we believe the need is great. However, only those who are deeply interested in the Philosophy and wish to devote themselves to spreading it should respond.

This is an opportunity to enter a great field of service. A number have already signified their desire to join the School, but there should be many more. Write us about it if there is any possibility of your taking up this work.

Children's Department

Pansy

A Story for Children and Grown-up Children, Too

CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

THIS is the story of one of our younger brothers who knew an earthly life of only a few brief months, and yet in that time showed such love and self-sacrifice that children and grown-up children too would do well to emulate it.

Pansy was a forlorn, gray kitten with a wistful flower-face, and big, soft eyes which held memories of many sad experiences. For the eyes of animals tell of their numerous earth lives, just as those of human beings do, if one only understands how to read them.

One day while out trying to find what the big world contained, Pansy fell and the frail, little back was broken; which caused the big eyes to grow more wistful beneath the weight of pain, and the flower-face to become thinner and more sharply defined.

About this time a wonderful fairy god-mother found Pansy and carried her away to live in a beautiful home by the sea. Then all the hard days were over, for the fairy god-mother had a marvelous understanding and love for her younger brothers, and left nothing undone to fill Pansy's days with care and tenderness, so that the little life might reap the full benefit of this earth-time experience. But despite all this the little body grew frailer and more attenuated. For the eyes of those who see, the tiny, vital body could be seen sometimes almost half free from the physical form. And it was only the great devotion with which she responded to the love and kindness lavished upon her, that held the little life upon the earth-plane at all.

Now the fairy god-mother was engaged in doing a great humanitarian work, and while she was away during the day Pansy would sit in the window and watch the Invisible Helpers (angels, Pansy thought they were) filling the fairy god-mother's room with beautiful thoughts

and images, so that when she came home in the evenings she could gather them together again, and give them out to help heal the sorrows of all the world. Pansy could not think all this out but she knew by instinct that these wonderful beings were bringing love and happiness to the fairy god-mother, for when she came into the room her face would look as though the sun shone behind it. Then very fast would beat the little heart beneath its small, gray coat, and dancing lights would gleam within the tender eyes. But those who do not understand would only see a small, gray kitten purring on the window-ledge.

Outside the fairy god-mother's window grew a beautiful white rose-bush, and Pansy soon discovered that the fairy god-mother used the roses for some very special purpose in her work, for very carefully she tended them and was so pleased when she could find a perfect blossom. At night Pansy was accustomed to watch the nature spirits building the flowers. In the lonely days before she found the fairy god-mother she had passed all her nights so; and now she took the white rose bush to be her own particular charge. Especially on the night of the full moon were the nature spirits most active. Then all night Pansy would sit and carefully watch them. Sometimes the little body grew very weary and the pain in the broken back almost too much to bear. But was not this her sacrifice of love? So, motionless she would watch the long hours through, as the nature spirits fashioned together the tender petals, and beautiful fairies bent to breathe the fragrance into their hearts. But human eyes would see only a small gray kitten staring out into the night.

Was she not more than rewarded when with the morning came the fairy god-mother to tenderly gather and carry away on their beautiful healing mission, the fragrant, white blossoms?

Pansy would walk beside her as long as her small strength permitted and then watch until the fairy god-mother was completely lost to sight beyond the hills. On the way back home, alone, many times, the little body would grow so tired that she would be forced to rest in the shade of the tall grasses, but always the little heart beat happily and the wistful face grew luminous with memories of the tender caresses and gentle words.

Despite the great love that kept the faithful heart alive, the hold upon the delicate body grew less. At last one day the pain was almost unbearable, but Pansy crept as far as the white roses grew to watch for the fairy god-mother's coming. That day she was later than usual for many people in the world needed her gentle ministries. Many times the little gray figure would try to raise itself upon hearing a distant footfall and the ebbing light would gleam anew in the shadowed eyes. But as the twilight fell on the sea the tired little body fell forward on the grass, and when the fairy god-mother came

the gentle little heart had ceased to beat. Tenderly she lifted the slight form and carried it away, for in the greatness of her heart she finds room for all God's creatures. None are too small and humble to escape her love.

Reverently she placed the little body beneath the white roses where she had so often kept her long vigils. And now for those who see, when the light of the moon is full and the nature spirits are busiest, oftentimes amid the shadows comes a small, gray form bounding as lightly as the fairies themselves, for the little back is no longer crooked or misshapen. And many times when the beautiful angels are filling the room with thoughts for the fairy god-mother to find, the little flower-face is close beside them. And they too, smile tenderly upon it, for in their great hearts no love is ever too small to be unnoticed or go unrewarded.

But for those who cannot see all this there is only a wee little mound beneath the grass, upon which the white rose petals fall softly, like flakes of perfumed snow.

The Story of Gypsie

ANITA RAU

GYPSIE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

(Continued from June)

THE happy summer days were gone. The beautiful violets and daisies slept under a large sheet of glistening snow. The leafless trees were covered with frost which sometimes sparkled like millions of diamonds, and little Gypsie and her brother were most of the time locked in the room to keep them from wandering out into the cold. Sometimes they played with a neighbor's children, and one bright, cold Sunday afternoon the latter took them to the Sunday School which they attended. It was indeed a novelty for Gypsie to see so many well dressed children sitting so well-behaved in rows, and she kept very quiet, viewing the situation and trying hard to understand it.

Now the school sang a simple children's hymn:

"Blessed Jesus, sweet and mild,
List to the prayer of Thy little child.
Let me now and every day
In Thy love abide and stay."

Gypsie's eyes glistened, every muscle of her

little body was drawn, listening and trying to catch the melody which pleased her highly. When the four verses were at an end and everybody seated again, she jumped up and in an imperious tone called out, "Sing that again, I like it." All eyes were turned upon the child and the minister waved his hand gently to bid her to sit down; then folding his hands he said, "We will now pray."

"I don't want to pray. I want to sing," came again in the same fearless manner from the new scholar's lips. Everybody was shocked and a sweet-faced, old lady went to whisper to the excited child, trying to get her to sit and fold her hands, but she only repeated: "Sing that song again, I must learn it."

"We will sing it once more for our little friend a little later," gently said the minister, "but first she must fold her hands and let us have prayer."

With that promise Gypsie folded her hands as she saw the others do, and kept perfectly quiet until everybody responded "Amen." Then she gave a big sigh and said, "Sing it now,

please." While the minister first repeated the words of each verse, the new scholar hung on his words, and when they again began to play, her voice sounded loud and clear.

The old lady took her into her class and soon knew all that was to be known about her, and decided that she would be a friend to the two orphans. A visit to their home resulted in the permission for them to attend Sunday School regularly, and the faithful teacher did not rue the extra time she spent in enriching the little one's mind. Gypsie learned very readily; it was indeed a pleasure to see that the whole class took more interest in the lessons since the new girl had come.

Baby Johnny of course was her faithful companion, but when singing was over he regularly went to sleep.

Christmas time was nearing and Gypsie heard some wonderful stories about it which kept her dreaming of angels and lots of beautiful things. She had been taught some songs and a little piece which she was to recite at Christmas. That last night before Christmas sleep had a hard time to close the excited girl's eyes.

At last the children were admitted to the hall where the Christmas festivities were to be held. To Gypsie it seemed as if she had entered the heaven she had learned so much about in Sunday School. Right in front stood the beautiful tree covered with richly colored candles, which seemed to her like stars. She just gazed with big, open eyes and her breath came heavily. Now her teacher spoke to her and seated both the children well in front.

When she was to sing she was still so awed that she only stared and seemed not to under-

stand. Her teacher showed her a pretty baby doll which she promised her if she would do her part well. Poor Gypsie! She had never had such a treasure. Readily now she took her place and sang clearly and fearlessly:

"A Baby Once Slept in a Manger."

She could not understand why people clapped their hands when she finished, but when she was asked to sing again her voice came loud and clear:

"Wondrous Star of Bethlehem."

Under loud applause the teacher seated her again and placed the doll in the trembling little hands, and a toy horse in brother Johnny's. From that moment everything around her was forgotten. Nothing existed for her but her doll and her brother. She didn't look at the beautiful warm clothes which her kind teacher wanted to give her. The dear old lady moved by the sight of that perfect happiness, gladly carried the package herself, to deliver it together with the children at their home.

Old Mary was quite surprised to see people take such an interest in her little "good for nothings" as she termed them, and she thanked the lady quite politely. She even treated the children more kindly, gave them milk and bread, and permitted the doll and horse to be taken to bed with them.

When the step-father came home, she told him of what had happened and even his hard face softened a shade, seeing the two children. Gypsie smiled in her dreams, while she tightly held her baby doll in her arms, and Johnny held his horse as if he were afraid it might run away.

(To be continued)

Nursery Chats

NORMAN MCLEOD

PART XV.

IT TOOK the children quite a long time to take the moving pictures of all the things that had happened during the day, especially so because they were not used to reviewing their experiences backwards. However they were well repaid for their time, as they could see from the pictures that each action was caused by other actions earlier in the day. As they took the pictures of the scenes and places where they had

done something that made someone else happy, they could feel their bodies become very comfy and rested. Dimples had had such a wonderful day that he just fairly floated right through the ceiling before he knew he was asleep. Golden Locks had quite a time letting in enough light to wash out the pictures of her experiences wherein she had mocked Dimples at noon. However she finally washed them off with some repentant tears, and was able to join Dimples,

who was standing beside his bed pinching himself and looking at another Dimples he knew so well lying there.

"Look, Golden Locks, I am in two places at the same time!"

"Yes, and look, Dimples, my hand passes right through you!"

"Where is Mother?"

"She went to see if she could find the gardener as she thought he might want to see the roses with us. Here she comes with him now."

"Well, children, I see you are ready to go, so we shall start at once.

"Why, what is the matter, Golden Locks?" asked Dimples, who noticed a frightened look on Golden Locks' face.

"Look at that ugly little man by my bed!" said Golden Locks.

And there sure enough was an ugly little Goblin grinning at her and gnawing away at what looked like a photograph while he smacked his twisted old lips over it.

"Aha! Golden Locks," he said, "you didn't get all the pictures washed off, because here is one of the scenes where you told the gardener a fib, and I am glad because I always live around people who tell fibs. I like fibs very much and eat lots of them every day. That is what makes me so fat and handsome, ha! ha!" He laughed as he gnawed away at the picture, and his fat little belly shook with glee.

"Well, you horrid old thing, it is the last bite you will ever get from me. I will never, never tell another fib. Get away from my bed or you will wake me up. Get away, I tell you!"

When the Goblin saw that Golden Locks was not afraid, he scurried off into the darkness of the night.

"You see now, children, why you must always try to do right and tell the truth, otherwise you attract these ugly old Goblins who urge you to do wrong, and in that way you keep them alive to hold you in fear so you would be unable to take a trip such as we are taking tonight. You may have noticed that Golden Locks was so frightened at first that she almost woke up. Now let us be on our way. Follow me right through this wall, it won't hurt a bit." And away they floated as if on a cloud until they reached the garden spot where they had planted their rose slips.

Here the gardener appeared and said: "Children, your mother has asked me to explain a

few things to you, because she thinks I have had a little more experience in dreamland than she has, and perhaps I have."

"Dreamland is the land of Desires and is a very large world, larger in fact than the Earth World which some people call the Physical World. It is all around the Physical World and even inside of it. Out of this World of Desires we get all our desires and feelings, whether they are good or bad. And as perhaps you have already guessed, there are seven kinds of desires; those that are coarse and evil, selfish, envious, slovenly, vicious on one hand, and on the other desires that are kind, noble, and beautiful. If we have evil desires we attract those ugly Goblins as you have seen. Again if we have good desires we attract all the good Fairies and Angels to us who will help us realize them.

"When you know how, you can make anything you desire in this wonderful world, and as we want to know more about the rest of those petals on that second rose, we shall desire it to bloom immediately. Here it is right out of nowhere apparently, and here are the little people at work and play. Look closely and you shall see a tug-of-war between the two armies of Repulsion and Attraction, and they are so evenly balanced that neither one can move the other. Hear them cry: Oh! who will take a little interest in our side to help us win this war? This is the Petal of Impressionability. Smell its perfume and you shall get the impression of sweetness. And if by chance you should happen to smell the petal above it which is the Petal of Wishes, you may be inclined to pluck it if you feel interested. But you could not be interested, of course, until you had smelled of the Petal of Feeling wherein dwell the fairy Interest and the withering old tyrant Indifference. The feeling of interest in anything will help it to grow whether it be good or evil, while old tyrant Indifference is responsible for the deaths of many noble ideas and the decay of many beautiful homes.

"This fourth petal is the central one and divides the Higher Desires in the three upper petals from the Lower Desires in the three lower petals.

"The fragrance of the three petals of Higher Desires is quite intoxicating. The fragrance of the fifth petal enlivens the Soul, the fragrance of the sixth petal enlightens the Soul, while the

(Continued on page 116)

Nutrition and Health

Natural Methods of Obtaining Health

W. H. SCHOCK, B.S., M.D.

(Continued from June)

I MUST guess at an explanation. There certainly was not time in ten days to form a deep breathing habit, for I had practiced voluntary deep breathing for weeks previously and no habit was established. The most probable explanation may be that tensed abdominal muscles are normal and furnish the necessary condition for the activating and controlling influence of one of the ductless glands.

For the deep breathing was not the only gain made. The toning of digestion was permanent, being better than at any time since in 1864 when an unbalanced diet, added to the effect of an attack of malarial typhoid in western Tennessee, had put my digestion more or less out of commission. A further effect of the tensing was the doing away with a tendency to abdominal and pelvic congestion, and the establishing of normal circulation. This was so marked that there was much less tendency to take cold than formerly.

The whole sequence, the tensed muscles, the toned digestion, the deep breathing, and the normal circulation have made me feel twenty years younger. If I am not an exception, if the same result can be made generally, the gain will be well worth while.

If, however, the present shallow improper breathing prevails, a few per cent must be allowed as its degenerative influence.

9. *Exercise.* A basic law as to exercise is this: No muscle will contract properly and no organ will act properly unless it has proper tone, and this must be given by the necessary exercise. Further, as a chain is only as strong as the weakest link, so the human system is only as strong as the weakest part, and if this weakest part fails, it will cause the downfall of the whole structure. Nature then intends that by exercise we should keep the whole system approximately even in strength.

What is gained by active exercise? The first

obvious gain is the strengthening of the muscle of the part used. Next, if the exercise is properly chosen, an equal gain is made by massaging one or more related organs; third, a marked beneficial effect on breathing; and fourth, the speeding up and equalizing of the circulation. It has been demonstrated that vigorous exercise increases the blood flow through the muscles as many as six times. If by moderate exercise we can increase the digestive work done in a given time only twice, we can readily see how exercise benefits.

Too many people run their system on "slow"; every process slows down, digestion, assimilation, and elimination, with the consequent clogging by waste. Knowing the general lack of exercise, especially of that which produces an evenly balanced system, we must place the per cent due to lack of exercise much higher than any so far considered.

10. *Diet.* To errors in diet can be traced the larger part of the increased death rate. What we eat today is what we are tomorrow. If our eating is wrong, we certainly will be wrong. The problem then is to get all the food we need to do our work, for repair and for the production of heat and energy, and to omit all that we do not need. We must know, then, food values and food needs.

Voit, Rubner, and others were the first to make systematic analyses of food. But after getting the food values, the further problem was as to what ratios were to be taken to make a balanced ration. To get at this, they took the average of what a large number of the common people were eating and made it the standard. In so doing, they placed the ratio of protein or muscle-making food much too high. A real natural standard food is milk, upon which alone young animals grow and thrive. Milk contains less than 4 per cent of protein. But not all proteins

have the same food value, as they can be analyzed into eighteen amino acids. Some proteins contain all these amino acids, others only a part, and these in varying proportions. One that will maintain an adult and provide for normal growth is a complete protein. Some proteins will neither maintain life nor provide for growth and must be balanced by those containing the lacking amino acids.

The protein of milk is complete and is all utilized. But to get the proper proportion of the amino acids, nearly twice as much wheat as milk must be used, and nearly twice the amount of beans as of wheat. This varying value of protein food makes the choosing of the right amount difficult; for the diet problem consists in getting all we need of each food group and omitting all we do not need. Every cent's worth of food taken into the system that it cannot use, must be thrown off at the expense of an entire waste of energy. And this is not all the loss. Foods decompose within the body as readily as without, perhaps more readily on account of the greater heat, and because, especially with an unbalanced diet, there is no lack in the colon of the bacteria which take part in the process of decomposition. It is the acid product of decomposition that is much the largest factor in causing the degenerative diseases, and producing an increasing death rate of from 19 to 43 per cent.

An unbalanced diet does not consist only in an excess of protein. A prevalent diet is bread and butter, meat, potatoes, and coffee. The bread, nearly straight starch, too much protein, the potatoes nearly straight starch, the coffee a drug. Excess of starch decomposes also.

The poisons absorbed by the blood affect first the walls of the arteries carrying the poison, causing hardening and brittleness. With any extra pressure in the brain the walls of the arteries give way and apoplexy results. The muscle of the heart is similarly affected. The liver is overworked,—result, disease. Likewise with the kidneys.

What about the remedy? Everywhere diet is chosen largely by the housekeepers of the nation. It is useless to give housekeepers a scheme of the ratios of food groups and a table of food values and expect them to work out a balanced ration. The subject must be simplified and made practical. One of the best books is that of Prof. McCullom on "The Newer Knowledge of Nutri-

tion." In it are given the conclusions drawn from nearly 3,000 feeding experiments, varying in length from six weeks to four years. Some of these experiments are described and general principles drawn from them are given; some general facts also as to food values, but no extended tables. Enough, however, is given so the earnest reader can get near a balanced diet without an undue expenditure of time.

In one of the experiments small animals were fed the proper ratios of pure foods, and the animals soon died. Next the correct proportions of minerals were added, with a little better results, but the end was the same. Then the vitamin, the water soluble B was added, with better results but the animals did not thrive, there being something still lacking. Prof. McCullom made the discovery of another vitamin, the fat soluble A, which being added to the ration the animals thrived normally in every way. So up to the time of this discovery, about seven years ago, no one was competent to give the full content of a balanced diet. But enough is now known, if generally put to use, to add from fifteen to twenty years to the average life of the people. But how to interest and reach the people? If we had the teachers, the method of night schools by which an enthusiastic Tennessee school ma'am disposed of illiteracy, might be used. The Reserve Officers Training Camps might be changed into Teachers Training Camps to educate young men and women to fit them to teach the whole people how to live.

To sum up as to the factors entering into the increasing death rate from degenerative diseases, the main ones would be:

Posture, a few percent.

Breathing, a considerably larger percent.

Exercise, a still larger percent.

Diet, the balance, much more than the others combined.

But there is a further subject to consider, our view, our idea as to the nature of health, of disease, and of cure, and their relation to one another. This has much to do with our course of action. As an example, our idea of the nature of enlarged tonsils would have much to do with choosing the remedy. If nature has so placed the tonsils that they absorb poisons or produce them, become diseased and are the cause of other diseases, removal may be the proper remedy. But if nature has so arranged that a prominent

function of the tonsils is to help antagonize and destroy the poisons we ourselves produce, the problem is different. If we overwork a horse, is it the indicated remedy to shoot the horse? Or shall we give him a rest and assist nature to restore him to usefulness?

Health is the normal condition of the system.

Disease is an abnormal condition caused by some violation of health laws.

Cure of disease is brought about by the reaction of the vital force against an abnormal condition, this reaction tending to restore it to the normal.

We occasionally eat a supper and soon are asleep. But the intelligent vital force that oversees digestion, assimilation, and elimination is always awake; it never sleeps. And this intelligent force has the same attributes, reason, will, and feeling as the conscious mind. Our most learned physiologists are ignorant of the complete role played by the ductless glands, and yet the other self of the most unlearned knows this fully. And the subconscious mind can be educated and trained to do what would be otherwise impossible. You have heard of the man who had worried over a problem for days and who woke up one morning to find it completely solved by his other self. It is this unconscious or subconscious force that acts as the healing power of nature, the *vis medicatrix naturae*.

In the large majority of abnormal conditions this force unassisted will bring about a cure. How can we assist this healing power to react? Is there one way only? We have seen in some of the cases given, the value of exercise and massage; also the curative influence of a balanced diet.

The application of water Hydropathy, is one of the most valuable of nature cures, plainly getting its results in reactive influence.

The application of the various electric currents, the X-rays, the violet rays, radium, heat, are in part means of assisting reaction, and all have earned a right to recognition.

Manipulating the spinal nerves for the influence upon the organs or parts they supply has been put upon a scientific basis by Abrans and others, and the results of its reactive influence has been so well established in numberless undoubted cures, that the persecution of such practitioners can be based only on pure commercialism.

The reactive influence from mental suggestion

has resulted in cures that can not be controverted.

Another recent method, Zone Therapy, rests also on the reactive idea. Each half of the body is divided into five zones, corresponding to the fingers and toes. A pain in any zone is treated by causing a slight irritation in the same zone, pinching the end of the corresponding finger, by wrapping with elastic, or snapping on a clothes pin. Unreasonable as it may seem, not only many pains are relieved, but even organic diseases are cured by so simple a method.

The use of remedies for their curative effect rests upon the symptoms produced by their action on healthy persons. Given in substantial doses they produce their physiological or primary effect and may be curative. But in the same manner as against all abnormal influences, the vital force reacts against the drug influence and by such reaction brings about a series of symptoms directly opposite to the primary or physiological. We have then drug symptoms on the one hand and disease conditions on the other. Has nature furnished any clue to assist us in the application of medical values to disease conditions? Does not the idea of reaction apply here as in other healing methods? If a remedy, in amount under the physiological dose, is given to assist the vital force to react against a diseased condition, providing its action is similar, will it not cause the healing power to react against both the drug and the disease influence? In comparing drug symptoms and disease conditions there are clues which seem to indicate that nature has gone out of her way to assist in fitting remedies to disease conditions. Most remedies produce in healthy persons certain peculiar symptoms, and in disease symptoms we notice these same peculiar characteristics, which seem to be no part of the orderly development of the disease.

In another way nature has given a remarkable instance of her desire to help us. If we could purchase in an electric supply store, a small instrument with a face supplied with numbers of disks like a switchboard, each disk labeled with an organ or part of the body, and so wired that anything wrong with that organ or part would at once throw down the disk and call our attention to the wrong condition, what would we be willing to pay for such an instrument? Nature has furnished each one of us with such

(Continued on page 120)

Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

—BREAKFAST—

Sliced Peaches
Baked Cornmeal Mush Bran Muffins
Cereal Coffee or Milk

—DINNER—

Puree of Spinach
Vegetable Stew with Dumplings
Baked Summer Squash
Rye Bread and Butter
Milk

—SUPPER—

String Bean Salad with Cottage Cheese
Economy Gingerbread
Entire Wheat Bread and Butter
Milk

Recipes

Puree of Spinach

Wash carefully one pound of spinach and cook in boiling water until tender. Press through fine colander. In a separate pan fry one tablespoon each of butter and flour until brown. Add slowly the water in which the spinach was cooked, then the spinach, gradually adding one hard boiled egg chopped very fine. Season with salt.

Vegetable Stew with Dumplings

Peel and slice two carrots, one parsnip, one half head celery, two onions, one cup green peas, one cup sliced string beans, one half head of cabbage quartered, and four potatoes cut in small cubes. Cook in salted water for twenty-five minutes. Place in oiled baking dish. Season with salt and ground herbs and pour tomato sauce seasoned with salt, onion, and celery salt over top, and bake for one hour. Prepare dumplings the same as soda biscuit, rolling them one-half inch thick and cutting with biscuit cutter. Place these dumplings on top of the pie and return to oven and bake for fifteen minutes. Serve at once.

Baked Summer Squash

Slice medium sized squash lengthwise about one inch thick, drop in hot salted water, allow to come to a boil. Drain and allow to cool. Roll slices in egg and cracker crumbs, placing in oiled baking pan, bake for fifteen minutes.

String Bean Salad with Cottage Cheese

String and slice fresh green beans, boil in salted water until tender. Drain and allow to

cool in ice-box. Mix beans with French dressing, place on plate garnished with lettuce and fine, chopped parsley sprinkled over top, placing a spoonful of cottage cheese on the side.

Economy Gingerbread

One cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup boiling water, butter the size of an egg, and one teaspoon each of ground cloves, cinnamon, and ginger. Melt the butter and mix with molasses, adding the spices. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in the boiling water, lowly stir into the molasses, gradually adding one half pound of flour. Bake in flat tin in moderate oven.

NURSERY CHATS

(Continued from page 112)

fragrance of the seventh petal strengthens the Soul. That is why these three petals are called the Petals of Soul-Life, Soul-light, and Soul-power. Whoever breathes deeply the fragrance of these petals shall abide in treasures of art and in the presence of doers of noble deeds.

"This second rose you see, children, is a miniature World of Desires quite similar to this big World of Desires in which we now are.

"Tomorrow night, if you wish, we shall take a peek into the secrets of the third rose which we call the Rose of Thoughts.

"Good-night to you all! I have other work to do tonight before I return to my body."

"Good-night, and thank you," Mother and the children replied.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

By A. R.

New York City, May 21, 1920.

Healing Dept., Rosicrucian Fellowship.

Dear Friends:—Words fail me when I try to express my gratitude to you for your wonderful love and help that have been given to me and my dear father. Thank you for remembering him. He esteems the Fellowship highly and is pleased that I am interested.

For twenty-one days I have been able to care for him night and day, and I am stronger now than when he was taken ill. My friends marvel at the change in me.

Some years ago I fell on the ice and injured the end of my spine so that the little bones at the very end were turned in. Within the last week or ten days this has straightened out and the pain and pressure which caused me great sufferings have entirely disappeared.

Father's condition changed suddenly on the 15th. That day he had been very ill. We thought he would pass out at any minute. About 7 o'clock in the evening Mrs. C. came around from the 92nd St. Center and said that they would remember father in their healing meeting. Almost immediately after he called me and said: "There is a new agency at work here for strength." All Saturday night he talked—he was evidently being instructed by some one of the Elder Brothers, for in the morning he told me he had had a wonderful vision. He had thought he was going to die, but now he thought he would get well. I will write more when I have time. Please continue helping us for a while longer. Gratefully, F. B.

Venice, Cal., Feb. 23, 1920.

Rosicrucian Fellowship.

Dear Friends:—I am so happy to be able to write a few lines to you to thank you all for the help and comfort which I have received from you during these three weeks past of worry and anxiety. I am surely blessed to have such friends. Mr. H. is much better although still very weak. I could distinctly feel the presence of the Invisible Helpers, and it was such a comfort and inspiration during the long hours of watching. Thanks cannot repay such kindness

but I shall never forget it, and when I am able I shall be doing something worth while towards the work.

With deepest appreciation and thanks from us all,
Sincerely yours, Dr. L. P. H.

Oklahoma City, November 9, 1919.

Healing Department, Mt. Ecclesia.

Dear Friends:—Will just say in this week's letter that I can see the benefits of your help almost daily, and never a day passes but I think of Headquarters and long to be of useful service in return for what you have done to bring peace to my soul. I try to learn a little each day and think much. Your friend, W. D. McI.

HEALING DATES

July	8—14—20—28
August	4—10—17—24—31
September	7—13—20—27

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 p. m. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs is dynamic energy which they infuse into every enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 p. m., meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

A Vacation Trip to San Francisco

FOR the first time in two years the Editor is taking a short vacation, and she wishes to share her pleasures and take the readers of our magazine with her on her journey.

On the morning of May 24th with a party of friends we left Oceanside in an automobile; the weather as is usual in Southern California was ideal. We passed through miles of beans, beans, and still more fields of beans, and occasionally a few yellow fields of grain ready to be harvested, for the farmers in this section of the country have two crops. As soon as the rains start in December they sow their oats, barley, and wheat, which ripen between the first of April and the middle of June. When these are harvested the soil is again turned and the beans are planted.

As we near the old Spanish town of Capistrano we pass through large orchards of English walnuts, with the old historical Mission to the right. As we travel northward through the town of mirages—Irvine, and look over the distant fields, the early morning sun is shimmering on many imaginary lakes; even the illusory shadows of trees are seen in these lakes. After twenty miles of this shadowy country we come into the orange belt, and the entire distance between Irvine and Los Angeles is covered with orange and lemon trees. The odor of blossoms is most refreshing; hedges of roses border the drives on both sides.

Leaving Los Angeles on the morning of the 25th through the beautiful city of homes, Hollywood, the rich man's paradise and also the headquarters of many motion picture companies, we pass through the picturesque Cahuenga Pass with its beautiful hillside homes and the many imitations of old ruins erected by the moving picture companies.

Leaving the great aqueduct at the mouth of the Owens river, from which almost the entire country surrounding Los Angeles receives its water supply, also the old San Fernando Mission to the right, we again enter the hills where

another industry of Southern California is most prosperous (pork ranches). For miles on all sides we see these poor animals wallowing in mudholes and grazing in fields, being fattened to feed the carnivorous humans who still wish to make a graveyard of their stomachs. But as every cloud has a silver lining, the sadness that must come to one in passing through these scenes is now lightened, for as we leave the town of Ventura with its old Mission and adobe buildings, the beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean with its invigorating breeze again greets our eyes; also a golden field, acres and acres of nasturtiums in full bloom in the most variegated shades of yellow. Their seeds are used in caper sauce, etc.

We next pass through what was formerly the Spiritualists' camping ground, Summerland. Some years ago this was an ideal spot for the visitation of the Spiritualists' angel friends but alas! the materialistically inclined saw a way of turning this spirit land into a dollar land and now the name might well be changed to Diablo, for various industrial plants have taken the place of the once pretty little homes.

We next pass through the winter city of the millionaires, and the winding drives up to the beautiful Montecito overlook the city of Santa Barbara, which nestles near the sea, in the valley below. After eating our luncheon on the shores of the Pacific, we visited an old friend, the famous artist Carl Oscar Borg, and were shown a wonderful collection of pictures recently painted of the Arizona Indians, also many rare old curios collected by Mr. Borg in his travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.

From this city of Santa Barbara our route lay along the shores of the ocean, winding up over mountains and down through beautiful canyons, until we reached that most historical old California city, Monterey, the first capital of California. The Bay of Monterey is a popular fishing center and was discovered in 1602. Father Junipero Serra began colonizing this

town in 1770. From this city we drove through fifteen miles of very bad roads, but were well repaid by the wonderful fields of wild flowers. The artist's paint brush could not produce the colors that were shown by nature's artists. The country seemed barren but the fields in spite of the barrenness were one mass of lavender, yellow, blue, and white. Along the shores were whale oil and salt factories, which were very interesting.

As we entered the city of Santa Cruz and spent a few hours in this popular summer resort, we were told that we should not miss visiting the big trees in the mountains surrounding this city, and we were well paid for our time in so doing. We found the most beautiful scenery with wide boulevards winding around the hills, one side extending hundreds of feet down into gulches. The sides of these were thickly grown with the giant redwood trees, some 150 feet in height and measuring as much as 53 feet in circumference. Here were also manzanita trees with their glossy brown and yellow trunks, and tall ferns, some four feet in height, filled in the spaces between with their mossy green leaves. This wild and romantic road continued up and around the most dangerous curves until we reached the height of 2100 feet. The view from Inspiration Point was wonderful. We then wound down around more curves from this height into the valley below, passing many beautiful homes which were built in dense pine forests.

At dusk we reached the little city of Paso Robles where we spent the night. At daybreak we were again on our way, spending some little time in Palo Alto and Stanford University, arriving in San Francisco on the afternoon of May 28th.

In this city we spent several days, visiting the Cliff House with the wonderful Seal Rocks, and the famous Golden Gate Park. On Monday evening, the 31st, the writer had the pleasure of meeting with our students of the Fellowship, teachings from San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland, and the smaller surrounding towns. It was very gratifying to meet with so many interested students. They have concluded to form Fellowship Centers in San Francisco and Oakland, which we hope will be the means of spreading the teachings throughout this section of the country.

On the morning of the first of June we crossed on the ferry to Oakland, taking in Alameda,

Berkeley and Richmond with its great oil refineries. We then wended our way towards the south, visiting Stockton, Fresno, and the various cities along this inland route. The last night of our trip, June 2nd, we spent at Bakersfield. Again we started at daybreak on the following day in order to cross the desert and reach the mountains before the heat of the day, as this section of the country is not pleasant for travel after 10 a. m. At Kern Lake we were at an elevation of 350 feet above sea level, with desert on both sides of us. Looking off to the east some 20 or 30 miles away we witnessed a most wonderful snowstorm on the mountains, while the thermometer where we were registered about 98 degrees. We were suffering from heat at 8 o'clock in the morning which, with the snow-covered mountains within view, was a strange experience.

At last we reached the mountains, and after a climb of 41 miles around most dangerous curves we reached the height of 5300 feet. For miles on all sides we could see mountains and canyons thickly covered with sage brush and mountain pines. The California State Highway Commission has constructed here a concrete drive wide enough for the passing of two automobiles with comfort. California is noted for its wonderful drives; every mile of the way from San Diego to San Francisco has a well paved road. We found this to be a fact to our great satisfaction, during our trip covering 1400 miles.

We reached Oceanside on the morning of June 4th. With all our wonderful drives and the great pleasure of this vacation, we were happy to again reach Mount Ecclesia, the Garden of the Gods.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the higher degrees depends upon merit.

When we seek and love each other we seek and love God; what we do for each other, we do for God. He who seeks and finds his brother has sought and found God Himself.—*Jacob Behmen.*

NATURAL METHODS OF OBTAINING HEALTH

(Continued from page 115)

an instrument without cost. The discovery was made about eighty years ago by a ten-year-old boy named Von Peckzely, in Buda Pesth, Hungary. He was playing in the garden and caught an owl. In trying to escape, the owl broke a leg and, having his large eyes looking at the boy, Von Peckzely noticed that when the leg snapped a black spot appeared in the iris of the corresponding eye. He kept the owl as a pet, put the leg in splints, and as the fracture healed, the black spot in the iris gradually dimmed. In 1848 Von Peckzely took part in the Hungarian revolution, was captured, but later freed. He studied medicine in the clinics and hospitals, and began to investigate the connection between the different parts of the body and the iris. A few others became interested, and it has been established that there is an intimate nervous connection between the different parts of the iris and the different parts or organs of the body, and that a disease or injury of the part is at once recorded in the corresponding part of the iris by a change of color or texture. It records also the long continued physiological action of drugs.

Why is not such a marvelous help in universal use? Because it protests against the wholesale use of drugs, too prevalent, and against the wholesale operations equally or more prevalent. On the contrary, when the milder means of cure are used by assisting the vital force to react, no record is made in the iris.

And now having touched upon the subjects I have assigned myself, I want to return for a moment to the subject of far the greatest importance in this article and urge all and especially the housekeepers not to neglect the study of the daily balanced diet. It is to errors here, more than all else combined, that are due the loss of health ground that we must face sooner or later.

I will close with a sentiment which I trust you will not forget. It is this:

Health is the natural normal condition!

Help yourselves to all the health you want.

“The outer life remains in this world, but what the heart has apprehended, that goes with us.”—*Jacob Behmen.*

A PRAYER

We praise Thee, O God, for our friends and fellow-workers, for the touch of their hands and the brightness of their faces, for the cheer of their words and the outflow of good will that refreshes us.

Grant us the insight of love that we may see them as Thou seest, not as frail mortals, but as radiant children of God who have wrought patience out of tribulation and who bear in earthen vessels the treasures of Thy grace.

May naught mar the joy of our fellowship here. May none remain lonely and hungry of heart among us. Let none go hence without the joy of new friendships. Give us more capacity for love, and a richer consciousness of being loved. Overcome our coldness and reserve that we may throw ajar the gates of our heart and keep open house this day.

Lift our human friendships to the level of spiritual companionship. May we realize Thee as the eternal bond of our unity. Shine upon us from the faces of Thy servants, Thou all-pervading Beauty, that in loving them we may be praising Thee, through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—*Walter Rausenbusch.*

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PRIZE COMPETITION AWARDS

The articles for this magazine recently submitted in the Prize Competition are being read and classified. The names of the prize winners will be announced in the August number.

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